


# JUDGE DREDD

A full-page comic book cover for Judge Dredd. The central figure is Judge Dredd, depicted in a highly detailed, dark, and heavily armored suit. His helmet is black with a red visor and a gold-colored mouthpiece. He has a gold chain around his neck and a gold badge on his chest that reads "DREDD". He is holding a large, futuristic, silver and black weapon in his right hand. His left arm is covered in a green, mechanical-looking gauntlet. The background is a dark, stormy sky with swirling clouds and a large, glowing blue orb in the upper right corner. The overall tone is gritty and action-oriented.

## HEAVY METAL DREDD

JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT ★ SIMON BISLEY ★ JOHN HICKLENTON

# JOHN HICKLENTON

DEDICATED TO MY FATHER, TOBY AND MR ARGO

## WITH THANKS TO

ANIMAL MONDAY ★ ANIMA MUNDI ★ C4 & BRIT DOC ★ FRACTURED FILMS ★ OPTIV & C4C  
LIL' G & ALL THE FAMS ★ BEAUTIFUL CLAIRE ★ ADAM, KAT, WILL ★ LEE KERN ★ ANDY HOLLAND ★ MAZ  
TIMMY ★ PEDER ★ KATIE & LUCY G ★ THE GU7 NINJAS ★ G ★ SEAN BAILEY ★ JON ★ PAT ★ CLINT  
GLENN ★ SIMON ★ GARY LAWFORD ★ RON SMITH





# JUDGE DREDD

HEAVY METAL DREDD

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA

# JUDGE DREDD

## HEAVY METAL DREDD

JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT ★ JOHN SMITH ★ JIM ALEXANDER ★ DAVID BISHOP

Writers

SIMON BISLEY ★ JOHN HICKLENTON ★ DEAM ORMSTON ★ BRENDAN MCCARTHY ★ COLIN MACNEIL

Artists

JOHN HICKLENTON ★ CLINT LANGLEY

Cover Artists



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Lead Designer: Simon Parr

Repro Assistant: Kathryn Symes

Graphic Novels Editor: Jonathan Oliver

Design: Simon Parr and Luke Preece

Original Commissioning Editors: David Bishop and John Tomlinson

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### **A MEGA-CITY PRIMER**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Simon Bisley  
Letters: Tom Frame

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### **ROCK ON, TOMMY WHO?!**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Simon Bisley  
Letters: Tom Frame

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### **CHICKEN RUN**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Simon Bisley  
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### **THE MAN WHO KILLED JUDGE DREDD**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Colin MacNeil  
Letters: Tom Frame

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### **THE LEGEND OF JOHNNY BIKER**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Simon Bisley  
Letters: Tom Frame

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### **THE RETURN OF JOHNNY BIKER**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Dean Ormston  
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### **THE FAN**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: John Hicklenton  
Colour: Keith Page  
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### **TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: John Hicklenton  
Colour: Keith Page  
Letters: Tom Frame

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### **THE MOST DANGEROUS GUITAR IN THE WORLD**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: John Hicklenton  
Colour: Keith Page  
Letters: Tom Frame

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### **MORT RIFKIND RIDES AGAIN**

Script: John Smith  
Art: John Hicklenton  
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**THE BIG HIT**

Script: John Smith  
Art: John Hicklenton  
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**GRACELAND**

Script: David Bishop  
Art: John Hicklenton  
Colour: Keith Page  
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**MONKEY BEAT**

Script: John Smith  
Art: John Hicklenton  
Colour: Keith Page  
Letters: Tom Frame

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**KISS OF DEATH**

Script: Jim Alexander  
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Colour: Keith Page  
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**IRONFIST**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Simon Bisley  
Letters: Tom Frame

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**NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Simon Bisley  
Letters: Tom Frame

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**THE GREAT ARSOLI**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Simon Bisley  
Letters: Tom Frame

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**BIMBA**

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Art: Simon Bisley  
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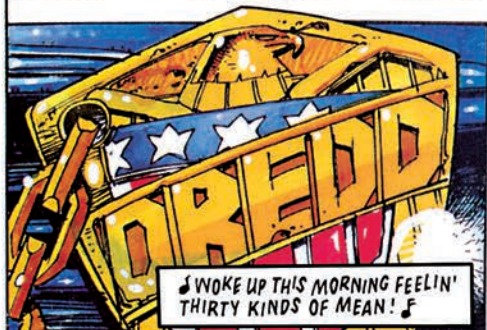
**THE BALLAD OF TOAD MACFARLANE**

Script: John Wagner and Alan Grant  
Art: Brendan McCarthy  
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 3.35



# JUDGE DREDD



♪ WOKE UP THIS MORNING FEELIN'  
THIRTY KINDS OF MEAN! ♪

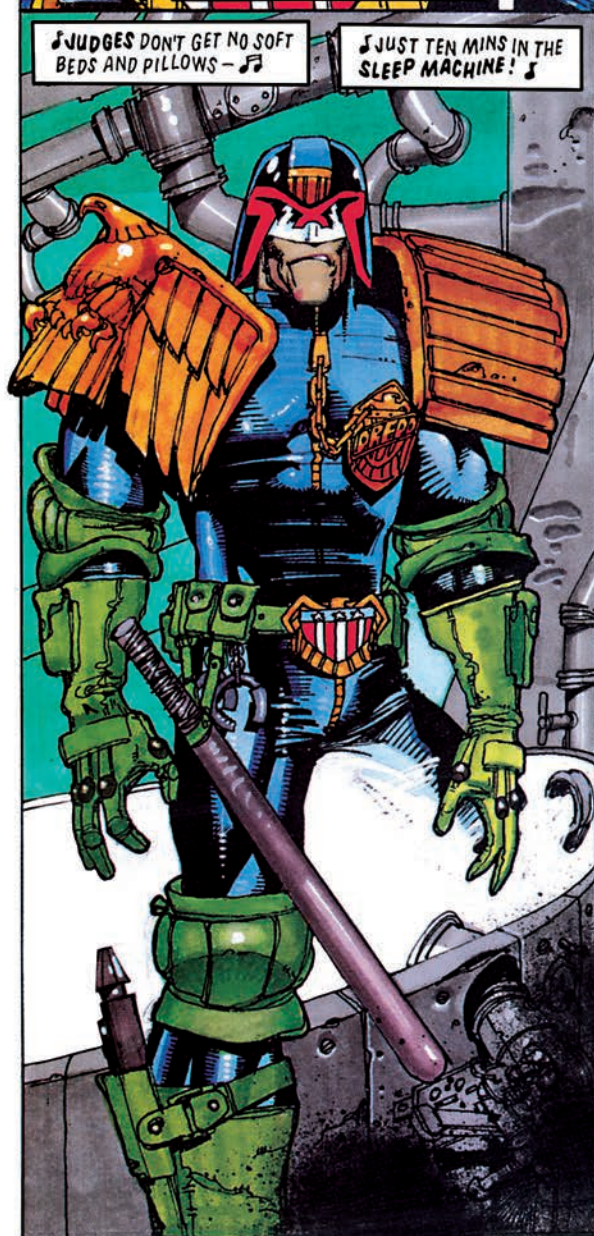


♪ HELMET ON MY HEAD —  
BELLY FULL OF SPLEEN! ♪

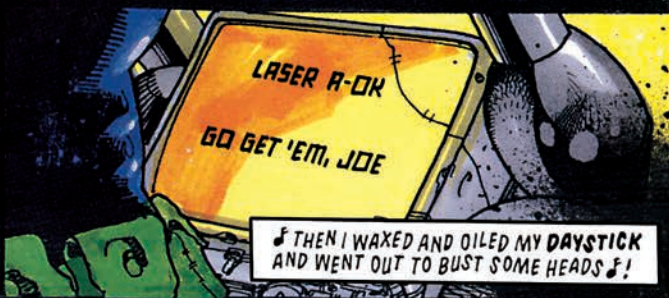
♪ JUDGES DON'T GET NO SOFT  
BEDS AND PILLOWS — ♪

♪ JUST TEN MINS IN THE  
SLEEP MACHINE! ♪

♪ SIT ASTRIDE MY LAWBIKE — ♪  
FELT IT THROB BETWEEN MY LEGS! ♪



♪ COMPUTER CHECKED MY LASERS AS  
LAID DOWN IN JUSTICE REGS! ♪ ♪



♪ THEN I WAXED AND OILED MY DAYSTICK  
AND WENT OUT TO BUST SOME HEADS! ♪



MEGA-CITY MADNESS!

MURDER! MAYHEM! GORE!



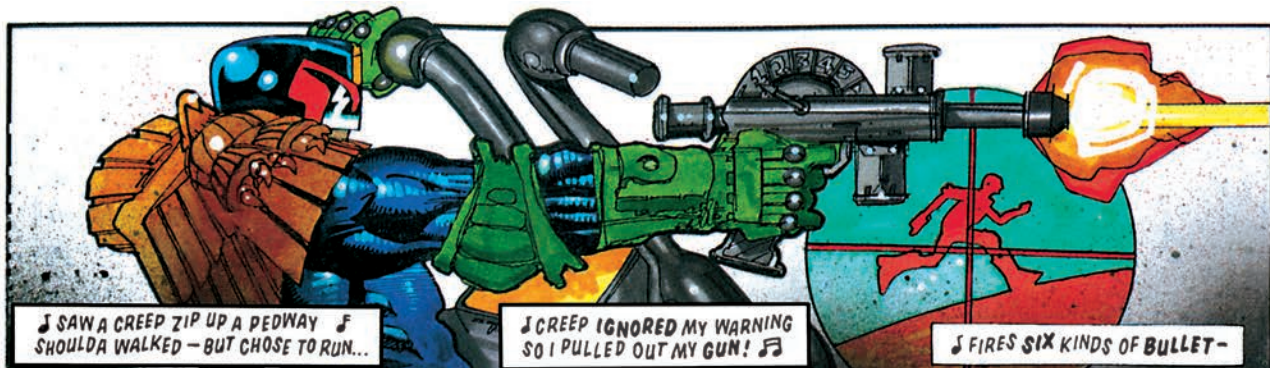
UP AGAINST THE LAW!

WE NEED A  
HEAVY METAL  
HERO

TO FIGHT THIS  
FREAKIN' WAR!

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION  
PEOPLE!





♪ SAW A CREEP ZIP UP A PEDWAY ♪  
SHOULDA WALKED — BUT CHOSE TO RUN...

♪ CREEP IGNORED MY WARNING  
SO I PULLED OUT MY GUN! ♪

♪ FIRES SIX KINDS OF BULLET—



♪ I GAVE HIM  
NUMBER ONE!



TRY RUNNIN' NOW, FLASH.

SENTENCE: ONE YEAR.

♪ JUST TWO MINS ON THOSE MEAN STREETS —  
AND ALREADY HAVIN' FUN! ♪



♪ GOT A MESSAGE FROM CONTROL —  
PROCEED TO SECTOR SIX! ♪ ♪

♪ THERE'S A WIERDO WITH  
A CHAINSAW —

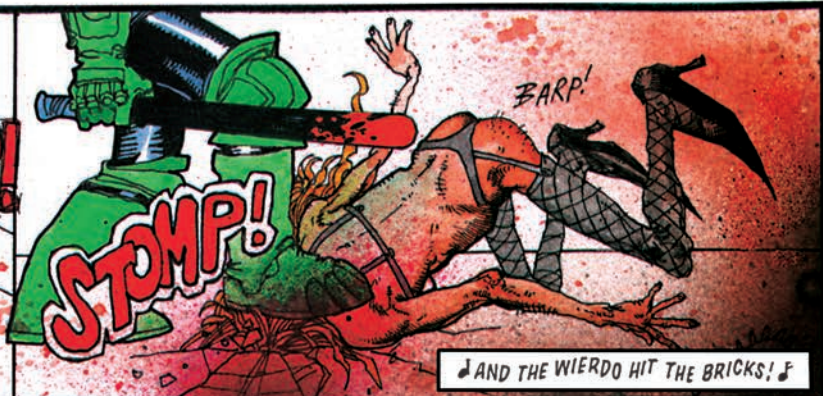


—ACTING FREAKIN' SICK! ♪



♪ SO I DISHED OUT SOME CONCUSSION -

WAPP!



♪ AND THE WIERDO HIT THE BRICKS! ♪

JUDGE DREDD! I PROTEST! THAT MAN'S INSANE!  
HE NEEDS TLC - NOT GBH!

ARE YOU CRITICISIN' ME?

WELL, FRANKLY, YES.



BLUBBLUB BLURP! BLURP!



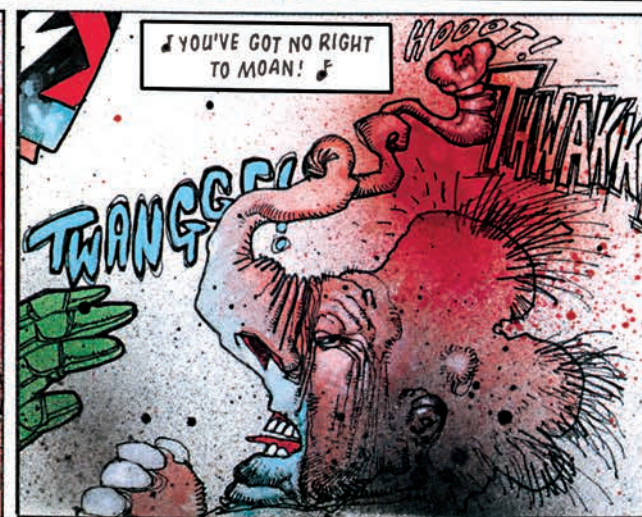
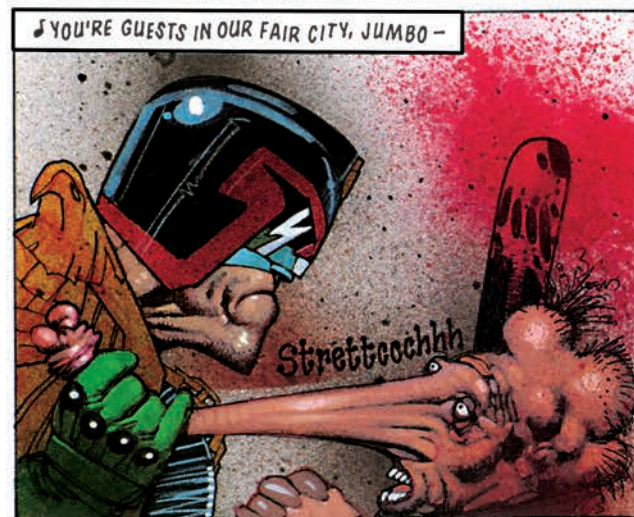
♪ NOW LISTEN HERE, DO-GOODER,  
I'M A MAN WITHOUT A FLAW!  
I TRAINED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS  
BEFORE THEY LET ME KEEP THE LAW -

♪ I GOT A LICENCE TO CLUB CRAZIES -  
AND THAT'S WHAT YOU JUST SAW! ♪

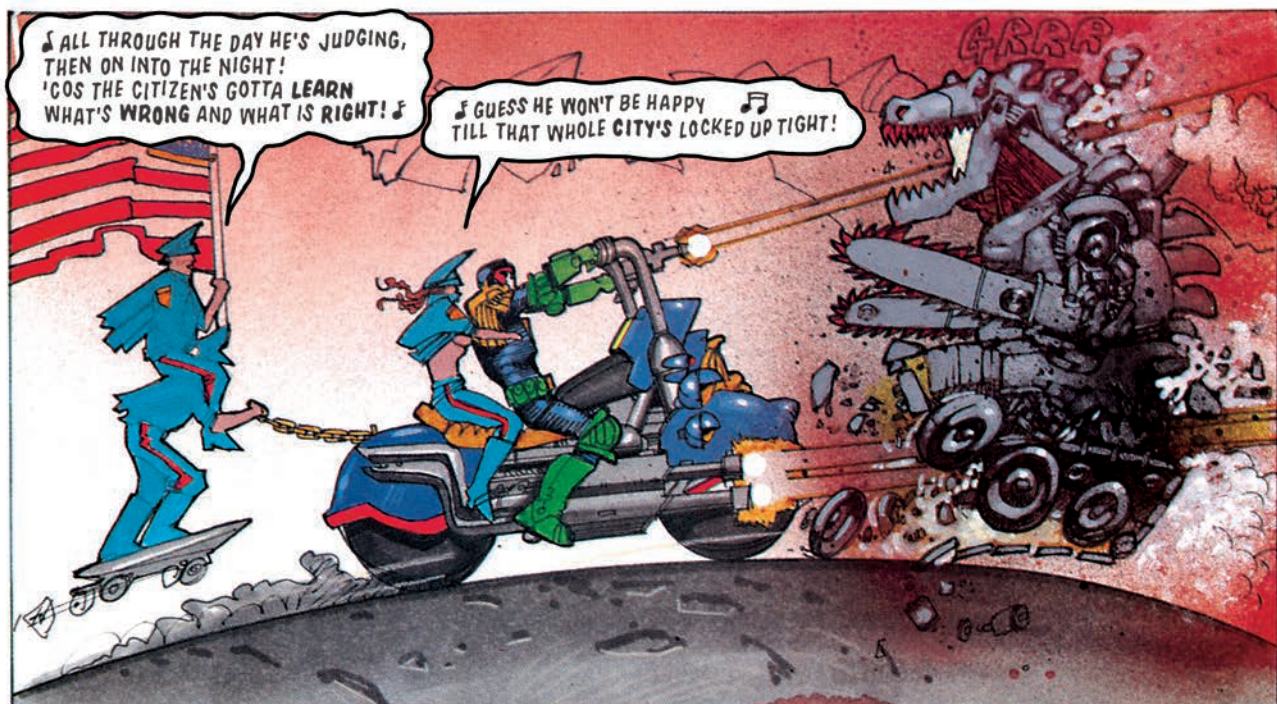
♪ SO WISEMOUTH ONE MORE TIME  
AN' I'LL BREAK YOUR DROKKIN JAW!











ALL THROUGH THE DAY HE'S JUDGING,  
THEN ON INTO THE NIGHT!  
'COS THE CITIZEN'S GOTTA LEARN  
WHAT'S WRONG AND WHAT IS RIGHT! ♪

♪ GUESS HE WON'T BE HAPPY  
TILL THAT WHOLE CITY'S LOCKED UP TIGHT! ♪



YOU GOT A LICENCE  
TO SING IN THIS  
STRIP?

WHY, NO, SIR!

THOUGHT AS  
MUCH.

YOU'RE DOIN'  
TIME!



'COS HE'S A  
HEA-VVY  
MET-AL  
HERO!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
I AM THE LAW!



WELL I LIKE THAT! IS THIS THE  
THANKS WE GET? SINCE WHEN  
IS SINGING A CRIME?

YOU CAN BE TOO  
HEAVY!



COME BACK  
HERE, YOU  
DROKKER!

THE END



# JUDGE DREDD

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE NIGHT HE WALKED INTO POP'S. JUST A SCRAWNY LITTLE RUNT YOU WOULDN'T TURN YOUR HEAD TO SPIT ON.

THEN HE TOOK OFF HIS SHADES - AND THE WHOLE JOINT SAT UP.

THAT JUVE'S GOT NO EYES, EARS OR MOUTH!

IT'S **TOMMY WHO?** - MEGA-CITY PINBALL CHAMPION THREE YEARS RUNNIN'!

TOMMY HEARS - NO, LET ME REPHRASE THAT...

TOMMY HAS REASON TO BELIEVE YOU HAVE A **LOVE MACHINE**.

SHHHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

TOMMY WANTS TA PLAY.

INNA BACK ROOM.



LOVE MACHINES ARE ILLEGAL, OF COURSE. AND THIS WAS A REAL HOT NUMBER SMUGGLED ALL THE WAY FROM SIN CITY.

FIFTY CRED\$ A TIME AND PLEASURE GUARANTEED—

JUST REST YOUR DIGITS ON THOSE NEURAL PADS AND LET THOSE ELECTROPULSES RIP!

OH, MAN, IT'S GOOD!

KEEP PUMPIN', STUMPY!

ROCK ON, BOY!

THE TRICK WAS TO IGNORE THE PLEASURE PULSES, BUILD YOUR BONUS—TAKE IT ALL IN ONE BIG HIT.

KEEP GOIN', STUMPY!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T HOLD OUT ANYMORE!

TAKE LOVE BONUS

KACHONK!



IF YOU LOST YOUR COOL BEFORE YOU TOOK THE BONUS, ALL YOU GOT WAS COLD TURKEY.

THREE WEEKS POP HAD HAD THAT MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST ANY OF US HAD EVER SCORED WAS **SLAP AND TICKLE**.



DROKK -  
I DIDN'T!



AND THEN THAT DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND JUVE STEPPED UP TO PLAY -

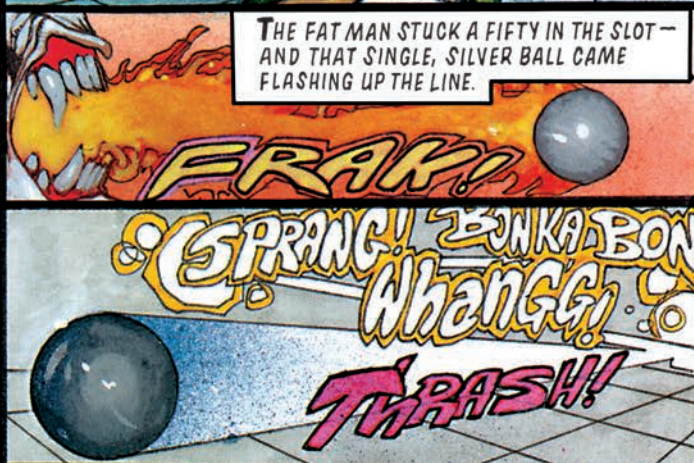
TOMMY'S  
ON THE LOVE  
MACHINE!

OH, MAN,  
THIS I GOTTA  
SEE!

SHHHHH!



THE FAT MAN STUCK A FIFTY IN THE SLOT -  
AND THAT SINGLE, SILVER BALL CAME  
FLASHING UP THE LINE.



HE STOOD THERE LIKE A STATUE,  
BECAME PART OF THE MACHINE -

HE'S PAST  
SLAP AND  
TICKLE  
ALREADY!

HOW DOES THAT  
DEAF, DUMB  
AND BLIND  
JUVE DO IT?





OF COURSE, THERE WAS NO WAY POP COULD KEEP SOMETHIN' THIS BIG QUIET FOR LONG -

DREDD TO CONTROL - LARGE NUMBER OF SUSPICIOUS JUVES CONVERGING ON POP SCHIZZO'S. I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT.

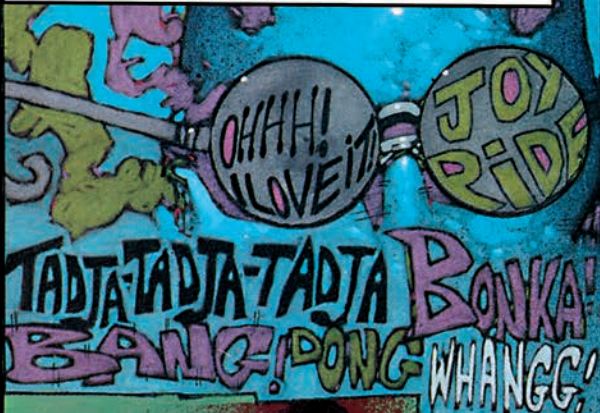
IN THE PINK - JE T'AIME - ALL THE WAY - HIS SCRAWNY LITTLE ARMS WERE JERKING NOW. HIS FACE WAS TINGED ELECTRIC BLUE.

HE'LL NEVER KEEP THIS UP!

TAKE YOUR BONUS WHILE YOU CAN, TOMMY!



BUT TOMMY COULDN'T HEAR A WORD WE SAID. HE JUST TWITCHED A LITTLE MORE AND PLAYED ON!



OH NO...!



CLEAR THE WAY!



WE WATCHED HIM HIT MASTER BLASTER...

TOMMY'S KNEES STARTED TO TREMBLE. WE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO PASS OUT. BUT THE FAT GUY GRABBED HIM AND HELD HIM UP - AND TOMMY PLAYED ON!

I'D ONLY EVER REACHED SLAP AND TICKLE ONCE, AND THE BONUS HIT ME SO STRONG IT NEAR KNOCKED ME OUT.

GRUD ALONE KNEW WHAT TOMMY WAS IN FOR.

HE'S GOIN' FOR THE BIG ONE!

COME ON, TOMMY, YOU CAN DO IT!

ONE SIDE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

KRAK!

WE HARDLY NOTICED JUDGE DREDD COME IN. EVERY EYE WAS GLUED TO THE SPECTACLE THAT WAS UNFOLDING BEFORE US -

EARTHSHAKER! HE'S THERE!

TAKE THAT BONUS, TOMMY, TAKE IT!

A LOVE MACHINE!

YOU! STOP OR I SHOOT!

BUT TOMMY COULDN'T HEAR HIM.

TAKE LOVE BONUS

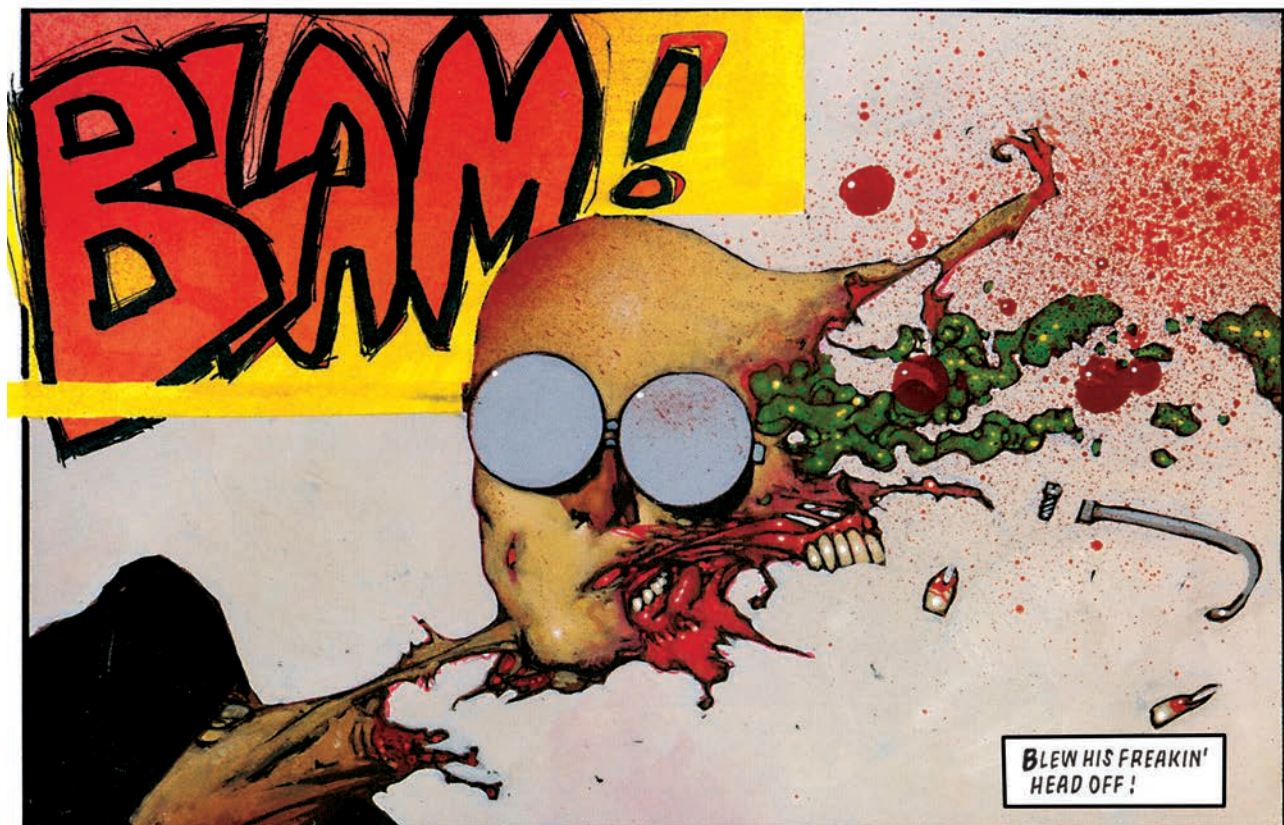
WHAC

HE JUST PLAYED ON!

AND THAT DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND JUVE -







BLEW HIS FREAKIN'  
HEAD OFF!



I GUESS THAT'S WHY  
LOVE MACHINES ARE  
ILLEGAL

PROKK  
TOO LATE!



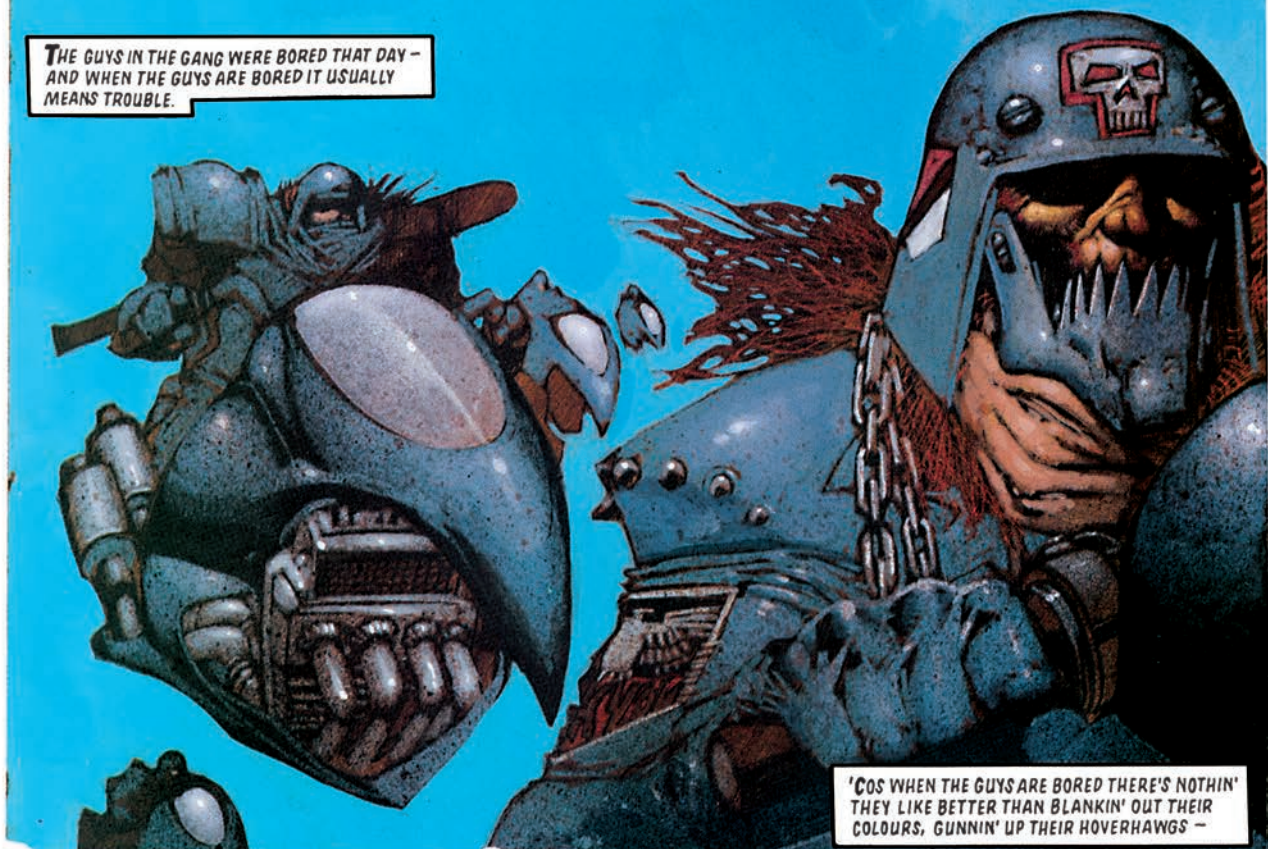
TOMMY--  
CAN YOU HEAR  
ME?

THE END



# JUDGE DREDD

THE GUYS IN THE GANG WERE BORED THAT DAY -  
AND WHEN THE GUYS ARE BORED IT USUALLY  
MEANS TROUBLE.



'COS WHEN THE GUYS ARE BORED THERE'S NOTHIN'  
THEY LIKE BETTER THAN BLANKIN' OUT THEIR  
COLOURS, GUNNIN' UP THEIR HOVERHAWGS -

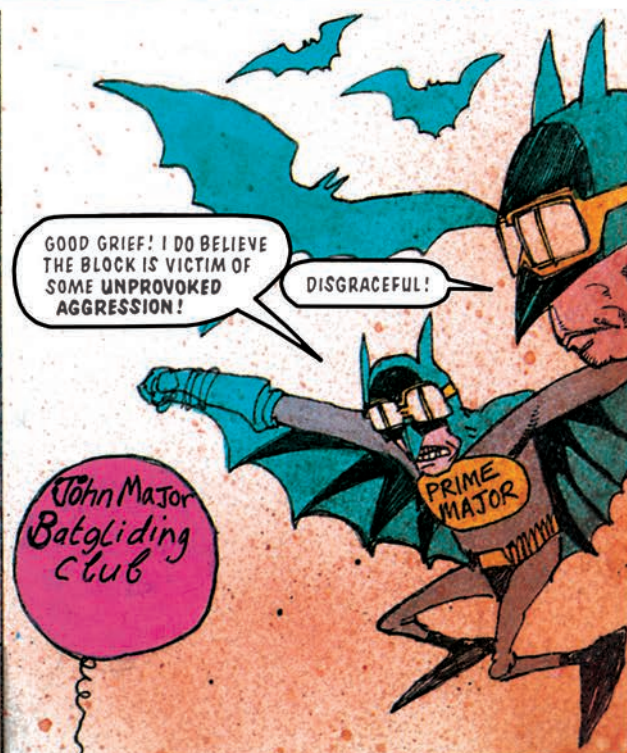
-AND GOING OUT ON A CH-CH-CH

CHICKEN RUN

## JOHN MAJOR BLOCK











WE'LL SOON  
SORT THEM OUT!  
TALLY HO,  
CHAPS!



DREDD TO CONTROL!  
JUVE CONFLICT IN  
PROGRESS, JOHN MAJOR  
BLOCKTOP!

ASSAILANTS ON  
HOVERHAWGS!  
AERIAL UNIT  
REQUIRED!



I SAY, YOU BOUNDERS!  
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH  
OF THAT UNRULY  
BEHAVIOUR!



I CANNOT CONDEMN  
IT STRONGLY ENOUGH!  
IT MUST CEASE  
FORTHWITH! DO YOU  
HEAR, FORTHWITH!

IZZAT SO?

I SAY!

THAT'S WHEN BIG SHARKY  
PULLED HIS PARTY PIECE -



I SAY!

SEE, SHARKY GOT HIS JAW BLOWN OFF  
IN A SPATTERGUN BATTLE WITH THE  
TOM JONES HOME BOYS. AND NO  
STANDARD PROSTHETIC WAS GONNA  
DO SHARKY -





SEE, WE'D BEEN HAVING SO MUCH FUN WE'D STAYED TOO LONG.



THAT'S THE FIRST RULE ON A CHICKEN RUN - HIT AND RUN.



IN AND OUT - BLAT THOSE NORMS, THEN BURN.



AN H-WAGON PICKED US UP AS WE HEADED FOR CITY BOTTOM, BUT ONCE WE HIT THE CONCRETE MAZE THERE WAS NO WAY IT COULD FOLLOW.

CONTROL TO DREDD!  
H-WAGON LOST YOUR  
PERPS. GET ANY I.D.  
FROM THE WITNESSES.

NEGATIVE. ATTACKERS  
HAD ALL GANG INSIGNIA  
BLANKED OUT.

ONE OF THE ATTACKERS  
IS DESCRIBED AS HAVING  
AN OUTSIZE LOWER  
MANDIBLE, METALLIC  
CONSTRUCTION.

WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE BLOCK  
OL' SHARKY STILL HAD THAT HEAD  
IN HIS MOUTH. HE SAID IT WAS  
JUST TOO BIG TO SWALLOW.

BUT THAT COULD DESCRIBE  
TEN THOUSAND JUVES  
IN THIS CITY.

YEAH, IT WAS  
ALL THE RAGE  
LAST YEAR.

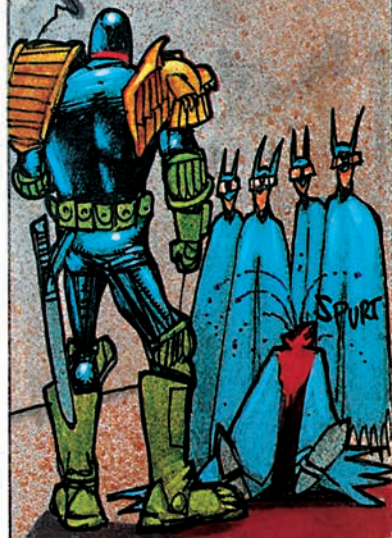
STILL, I'VE GOT  
ONE LEAD —

STILL, WE STUCK IT ON THE WALL  
OF THE GANG'S SQUAT AND  
EVERYONE AGREED IT LOOKED A  
TREAT.

THEY SHOT DOWN LARRY  
AND DORK — THE JUDGES  
CAN TRACE US THROUGH  
THEM!

NO CHANCE, MAN! THEY  
WAS CLEAN VAPED! NOTHIN'  
LEFT TO TRACE!

TAKE IT FROM ME, WE'RE  
HOME AND DRY!





WE WAS JUST SETTIN' DOWN  
TO PARTY WHEN OUR WORLD—  
NOT TO MENTION THE SQUAT  
DOOR—CAME CRASHING IN.

KRASH!

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST  
FOR THE CRIMES OF MURDER,  
MAYHEM AND OTHERS TO  
BE SPECIFIED!

YOU'LL NEVER  
TAKE SHARKY  
ALIVE, DREDD!

OKAY.

SPLAT

HELL, JUDGE, HOW  
DIDJA KNOW IT  
WAS US?

TWITCH TWITCH

OZZY OSBOURNE  
BAD BOYS

WHEN SOMEBODY BITES THE  
HEAD OFF A BATGLIDER, I  
FIGURE THE FIRST PLACE  
TO START LOOKING IS  
OZZY OSBOURNE BLOCK.



# JUDGE DREDD

## THE MAN WHO KILLED JUDGE DREDD

WELL, ALMOST

SORT OF

WELL, AT LEAST HE TRIED.

HE KNEW THERE WAS ONE SURE,  
QUICK WAY FOR A FIGHTING MAN  
TO GET A REP IN THIS CITY.

HE KNEW HE COULD GET THIRTY IN  
AN ISO-CUBE FOR IT, BUT HE  
DIDN'T CARE.

'COS HE KNEW WHEN OTHER  
FIGHTING MEN PASSED HIS  
CUBE THEY'D LOOK IN WITH  
RESPECT IN THEIR EYES,  
AND THEY'D SAY: "WELL  
HARD, WELL HARD!"

AND BY GRUD THEY'D MEAN IT.

'COS THEY'D KNOW HE WAS THE  
MAN WHO **KILLED JUDGE DREDD**—  
WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

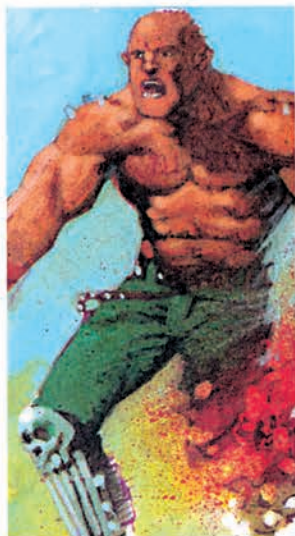
YOU!  
GET OFF THE  
STREET!

GRRRRRR!

MAKE ME.



# JUDGE DREDD



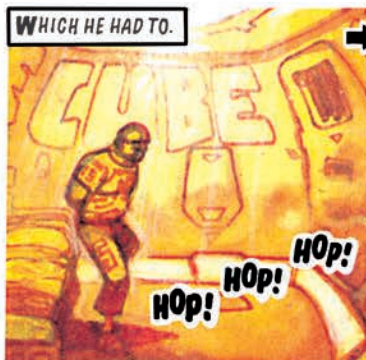


# WELL. ALMOST

FIFTEEN MONTHS.  
KID'S STUFF! HE COULD  
DO IT STANDING ON ONE  
LEG.



WHICH HE HAD TO.



BESIDES, IT GAVE HIM  
TIME TO THINK - TO  
FIGURE OUT WHERE  
HE'D GONE **WRONG**.

HE'D MADE A BAD  
MISTAKE LAST TIME.  
HE WOULDN'T MAKE  
IT AGAIN.



THIS TIME THERE'D  
BE **NO WARNING**...







WELL, WELL, WELL!

JUST BORN TO  
BE A TRAFFIC  
HAZARD,  
AREN'T YOU?

HE BROKE OVER TWO  
DOZEN BONES, LOST AN  
ARM AND HIS OTHER  
LEG - AND GOT AN  
EXTRA YEAR FOR THE  
TRAFFIC OFFENCE.

BUT HE DIDN'T CARE.  
HE WAS WELL HARD.

BESIDES, IT GAVE HIM TIME TO  
THINK - TO FIGURE OUT WHERE HE'D  
GONE WRONG.

HE'D MADE A BAD  
MISTAKE LAST TIME. HE WOULDN'T  
MAKE IT AGAIN.



GRRAARRR!

HEY, DREDDY!



ROARRRR!

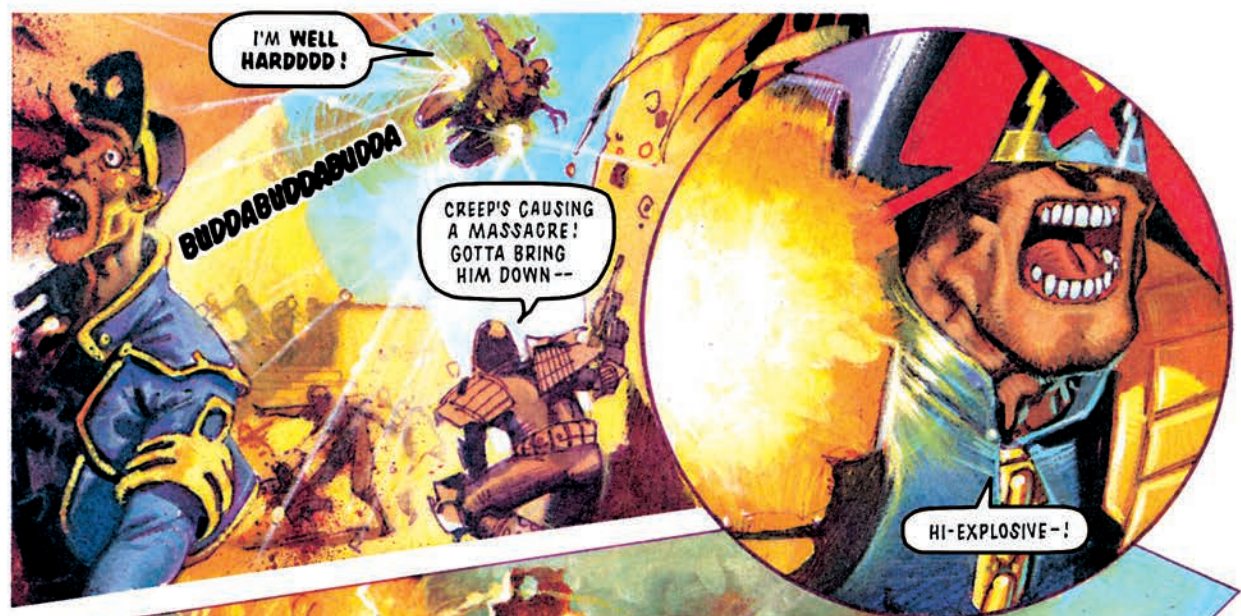
BUDDABUDDA

YOU BEEN TOP DOG  
TOO LONG!

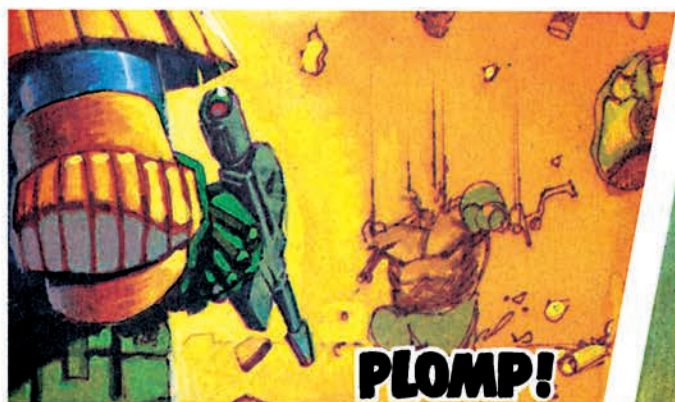
MAKE WAY FOR  
WELL HARD!

FWSSH!









'COS HE WAS WELL DEAD.

MA'NEIL '91

THE END



# JUDGE DREDD

THE TRIKER SHOULDN'T HAVE LAUGHED AT JOHNNY'S BIKE.



HE'D BUILT THAT MACHINE HIMSELF. BUILT IT FROM THE GROUND UP, BIT BY BIT, BOLT BY BOLT.

HE'D OILED IT AND CHROMED IT AND TUNED IT UNTIL HE HAD IT PURRING SWEETER THAN A JUNGLE CAT.



YOU SAY SOMETHIN', LOWLIFE?



WHAT A HEAP! BETCHA CAN'T EVEN HIT TWO HUNDRED!

I SAW JOHNNY POINT — AND MY HEART TURNED TO ICE —



DEAD JUVES' CURVE.

YOU 'N' ME.

NOW.

NO, JOHNNY! NO!

NOBODY EVER COMES BACK FROM DEAD JUVES' CURVE! PLEASE, JOHNNY — DON'T DO IT!



NOBODY BADMOUTHS MIKE THE BIKE.



ONE SIDE!









WHAT JOHNNY **DIDN'T** FIGURE WAS THE JUDGE WOULD JUST **SHOOT** HIM --



DANGER TO TRAFFIC!

STANDARD EXECUTION-  
RAPID FIRE!



I SAW HIM VEER OFF - HEADING STRAIGHT FOR A STRIP-SHOP. HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO STOP.

I SCREAMED.



SO DID JOHNNY.

WHAT COLOUR  
YOU WANT YOUR  
RESPRAY, PAL?



BURNING WINDS RELEASE THEIR FURY  
SIMMERING JUDGE AND JURY  
DRIFTING CURRIES REPAIR

DROKK!  
CREEP'S STILL  
GOIN'!

**JOHNNY DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THE ACID BURNIN' THROUGH THE FUEL LEAD.**

**THE FLAMES** LICKING UP  
HIS SHRIVELLED LEG --

**THE ONLY THOUGHT IN HIS MIND WAS WINNING THAT RACE! 200 - 250 - 280...**

**NOBODY HAD  
EVER TAKEN  
THE CURVE  
AT 300 --**



NEITHER DID JOHNNY.







JOHNNY'S IN BIKER HEAVEN NOW... BUT IN A WAY, WE'LL NEVER BE APART.

I HAD HIM STUFFED, YOU SEE.

I GOT THE TAXIDERMIST TO CONVERT HIM TO GAS - SO I COULD ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM JUST THE WAY HE WAS.

MMMM! HE MAKES A LOVELY CENTREPIECE!

AND SO ROMANTIC!

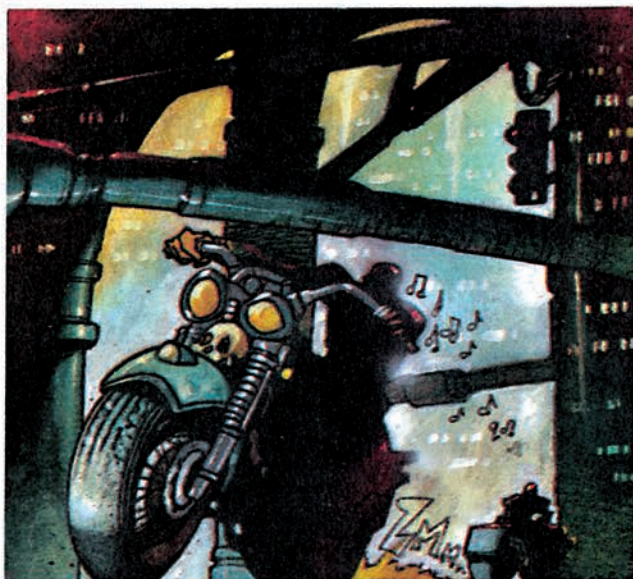
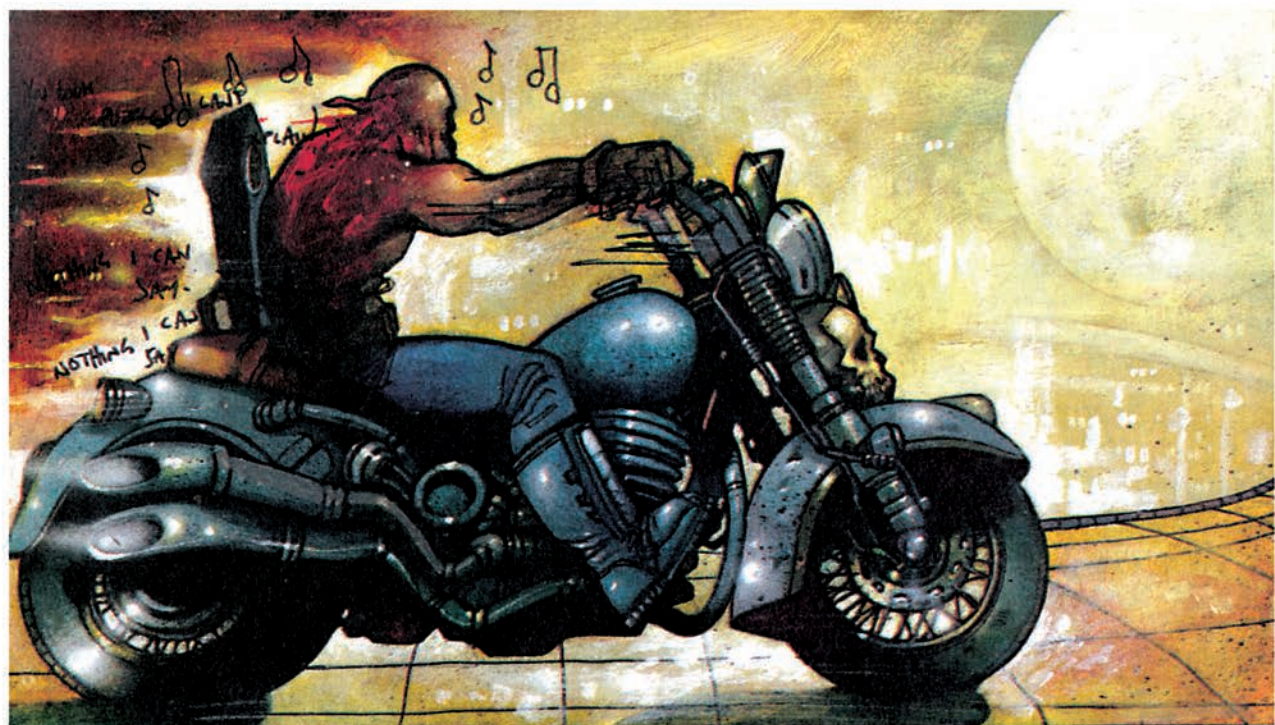
OF COURSE, WE WERE YOUNG THEN. THESE THINGS SEEMED TO MATTER SO MUCH MORE...

MARSHMALLOWS, ANYONE?

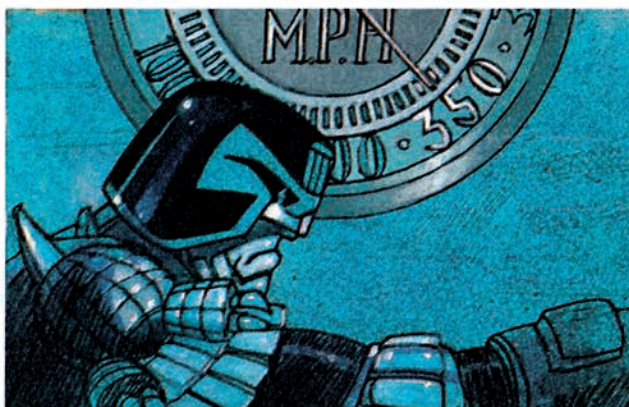
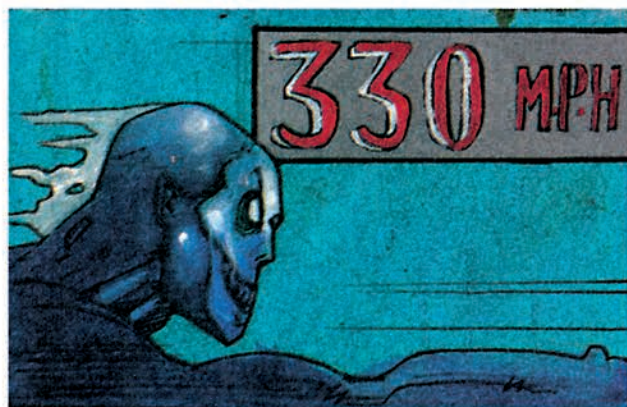
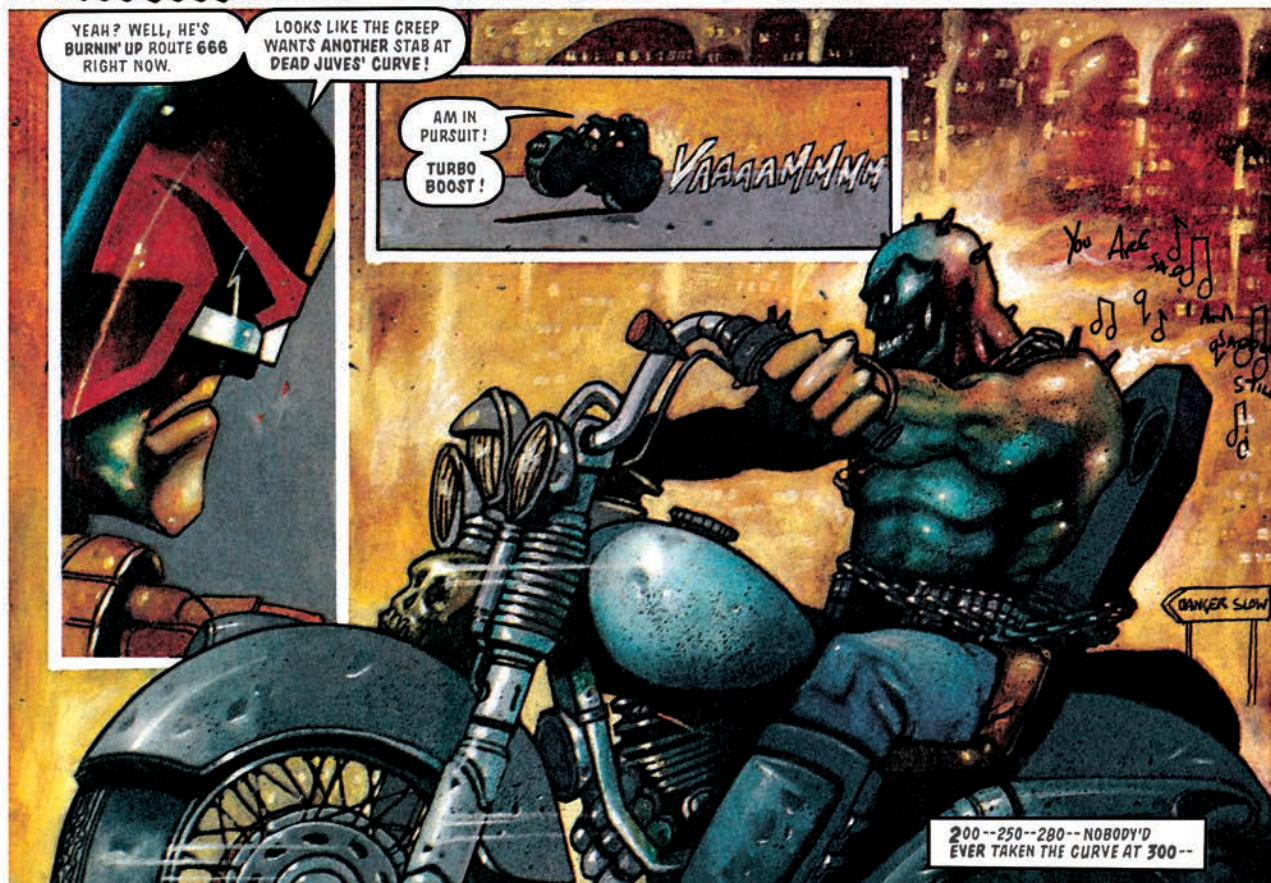
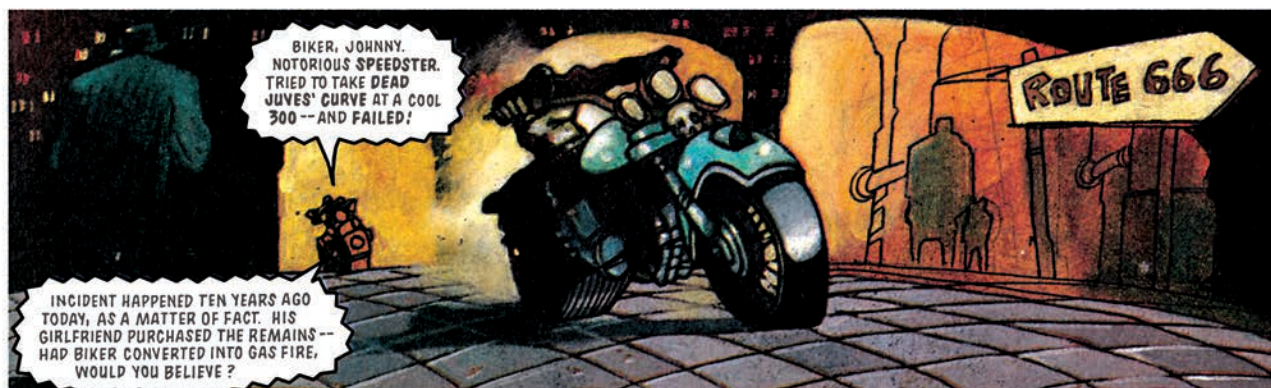




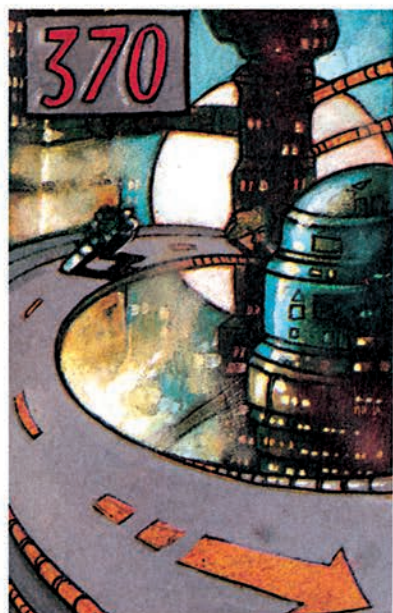
















WHEN THE JUDGES GOT HERE,  
THEY FOUND JOHNNY BIKER  
BACK ON HIS PLINTH --

AND THE GIRLFRIEND  
DEAD ON THE FLOOR...

WITH A DIRTY BIG TYRE  
MARK RUNNING ALL THE  
WAY UP HER BACK!



SHE'D TURNED  
JOHNNY INTO A  
DOMESTIC  
APPLIANCE, SEE.  
AND JOHNNY  
DIDN'T LIKE  
THAT.

OH YEAH? HE MURDERED  
HER, THEN HOW COME  
HE'S STILL HERE?



WHAT COULD THEY  
PROVE? THE GUY'S DEAD,  
RIGHT? GONNA LOOK  
PRETTY STUPID, THE  
JUDGES STICKING HIM  
AWAY FOR 30 YEARS!



NOW MAYBE IT IS JUST A  
STORY -- BUT THEY SAY  
SOMETIMES WHEN THE  
MOON IS HIGH, IF YOU'RE  
LUCKY YOU MIGHT LOOK  
UP AND SEE JOHNNY  
BIKER ROARING ACROSS  
THE SKY... AND THIS  
TIME HE'S NOT ALONE!



IT'S SO  
ROMANTIC,  
COSMO!

GIVE ME A BREAK,  
PLEURISY!

JOHNNY BIKER,  
MY ASS!







# JUDGE DREDD

## THE FAN



HE'S HERE!

OH, ROCK—!



'SCUSE ME, MR POWER!

STAY BACK, KID!



CAN YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK, MR POWER? PLEASE?

IT'S ALL RIGHT—I'LL HANDLE THIS GEEK.

GEE! THIS IS REALLY TRIFF OF YOU, MR POWER! I'VE NEVER EVEN SPOKEN TO A ROCK STAR BEFORE! I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE FAN! I'VE GOT ALL YOUR VIDS—AN' I GOT ROCK POWER POSTERS ALL OVER MY WALLS—AN' ALL THE T-SHIRTS—AN' THE HAT—AN'—AN' I'M WEARIN' MY ROCK POWER U-FRONTS!

AN' I GOT THE TOOTH-BRUSH—AN' THE PILLOWCASE—AN' THE JIGSAW PUZZLE—AN' THE GAME—AN' THE CANDLES—I GOT EVERYTHING!

NOT QUITE EVERYTHING—

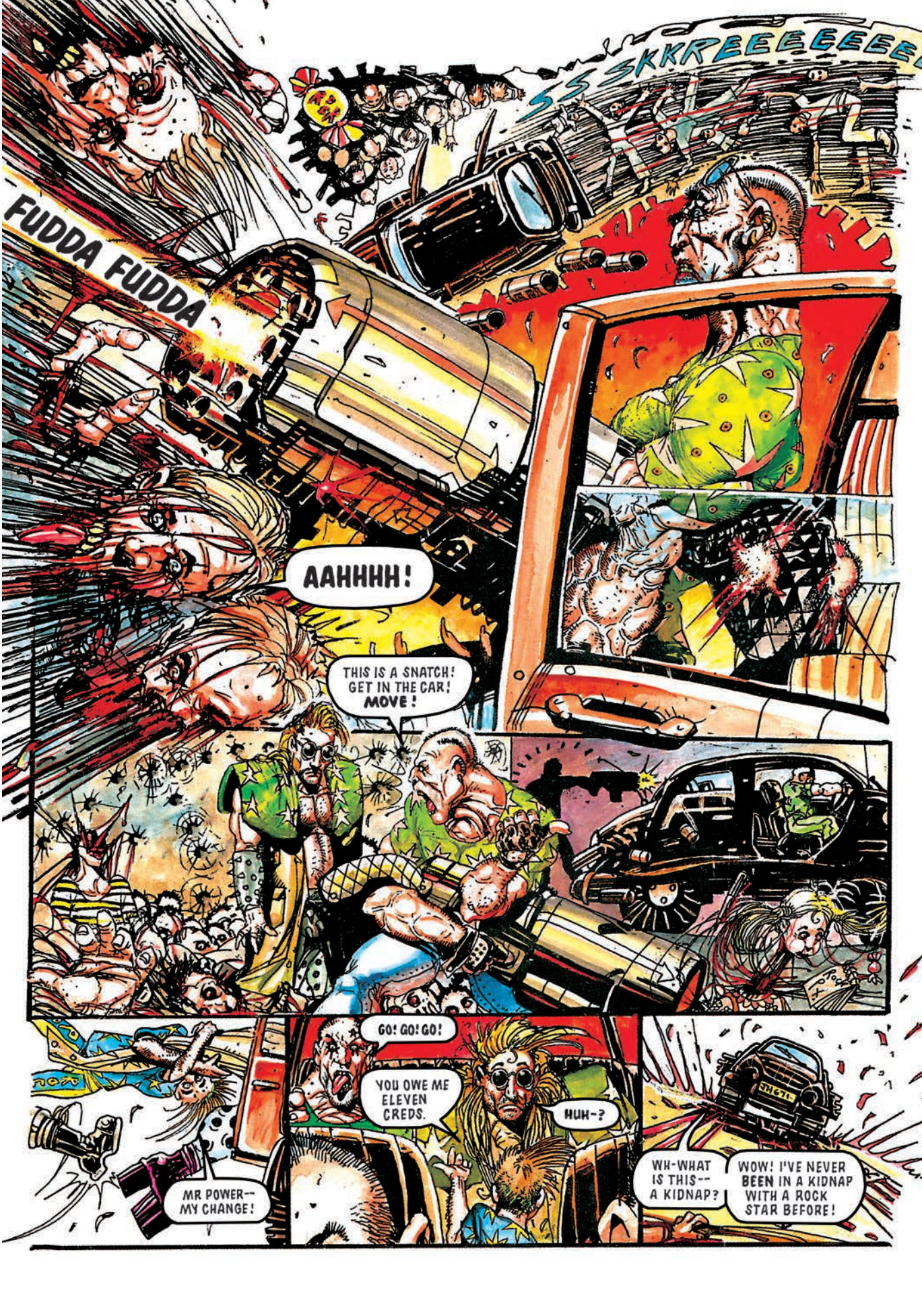


TRY A LITTLE OF MY OWN BRAND OF ZIT CREAM—ONLY 89 CRED\$!

WOW! THANKS, MR POWER! I-I NEVER BOUGHT ANYTHIN' DIRECTLY FROM A ROCK STAR BEFORE!







FUDDA FUDDA

SKKREEEEEEEE

AAHHHHH!

THIS IS A SNATCH!  
GET IN THE CAR!  
MOVE!

GO! GO! GO!

YOU OWE ME  
ELEVEN  
CREDS.

HUH-?

MR POWER--  
MY CHANGE!

WH-WHAT  
IS THIS--  
A KIDNAP?

WOW! I'VE NEVER  
BEEN IN A KIDNAP  
WITH A ROCK  
STAR BEFORE!





WHO THE HELL IS THIS?



JUDGE DREDD!  
KIDNAP! THEY  
KIDNAPPED  
ROCK POWER!

HICKENTON 92 X

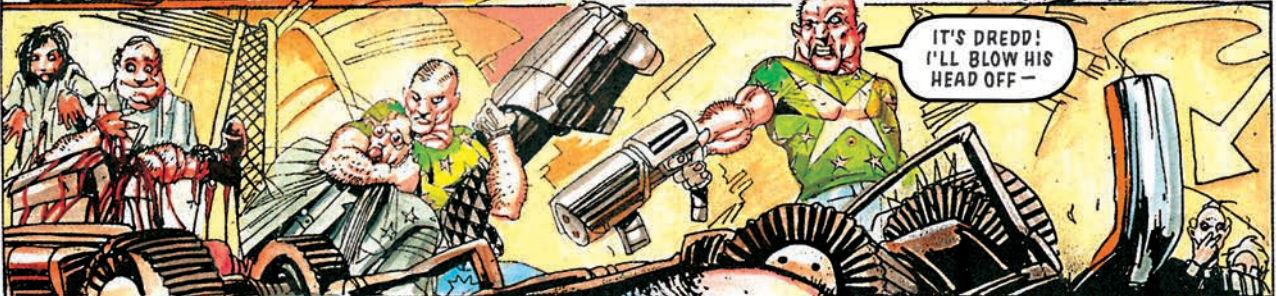
BIKE  
CANNON!

STOP IN  
THE NAME OF  
THE LAW!

VADOOM!

CRASH!









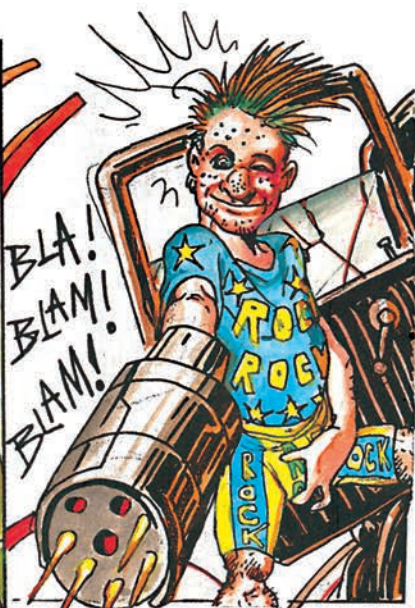




OH, MAN -  
SAVED!



HEY,  
ROCK!



BLA!  
BIAM!  
BIAM!



AAAAHHHH!



OH, WOW! I NEVER  
KILLED A ROCK  
STAR BEFORE!

LOOK AT HIM  
LYIN' THERE, ALL  
DEAD AN' STUFF!

I DID THAT! OH, WOW!  
WHAT AN END TO A  
PERFECT DAY!



LOOK, I'M ALL SPLASHED WITH  
HIS BLOOD! I'M NEVER GOING  
TO WASH IT OFF - NEVER!



I was his  
biggest fan,  
you know!



# JUDGE DREDD

TOO MUCH  
MONKEE  
BUSINESS

ROCK  
LEGEND



HI!

THIS IS KASEY KUSSEM  
WELCOMING YOU TO THE  
FIRST OF A PULSATING  
NEW SERIES OF  
ROCK LEGENDS!

IN THE YEAR 2112 FOUR LIKELY YOUNG  
LADS FROM SECTOR 69 FORMED A  
POP GROUP, DETERMINED TO MAKE  
IT TO THE VERY TOP.

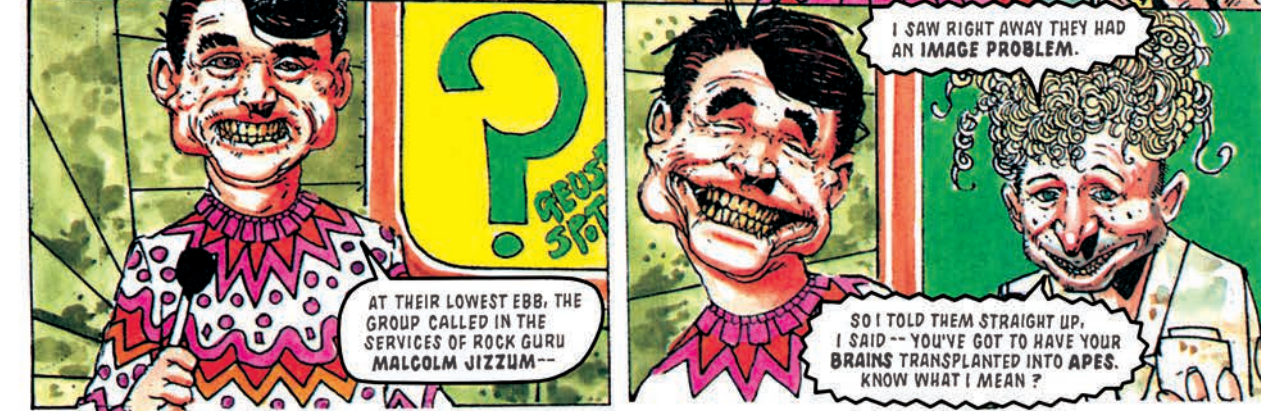
THEIR NAMES WERE  
DICK, DICK, DICK  
AND WILLY.



NOT SURPRISINGLY,  
THEY CALLED  
THEMSELVES  
THE GONADS.

BETWEEN 2112 AND 2113, THE  
BOYS RELEASED MORE THAN  
400 SINGLES -- LITTLE  
REALISING THAT VINYL HAD  
BEEN DONE AWAY WITH OVER  
A CENTURY BEFORE!

Wig?



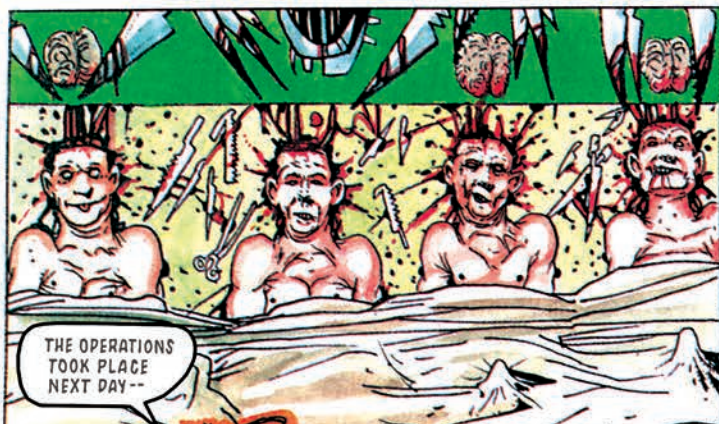
?

I SAW RIGHT AWAY THEY HAD  
AN IMAGE PROBLEM.

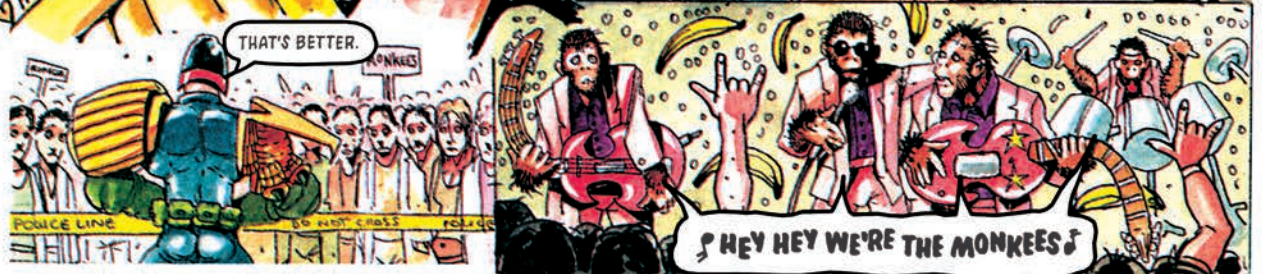
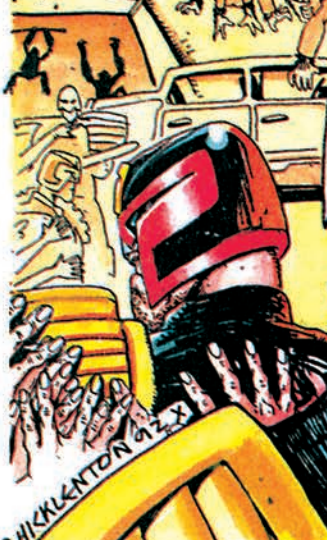
AT THEIR LOWEST EBB, THE  
GROUP CALLED IN THE  
SERVICES OF ROCK GURU  
MALCOLM JIZZUM--

SO I TOLD THEM STRAIGHT UP,  
I SAID -- YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE YOUR  
BRAINS TRANSPLANTED INTO APES.  
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?





"BY TWO WEEKS ON SATURDAY THE BOYS WERE READY TO MAKE THEIR DEBUT AT THE PALAIS DE ROCK."





"ONCE AGAIN JIZZUM HAD COME GOOD! THE NEW MONKEES, AS HE RENAMED THEM, WERE AN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS."

"UNFORTUNATELY, BY NEXT DAY THE BRIGHT ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY OF FAME HAD DROKKED RIGHT OFF."

**LIVE BY SAT**  
CHANNEL 604

"THEN I SAW YOUR FACE, AND I BURST OUT LAUGHING..."

"HEY HEY WE'RE STILL THE MONKEES!"

I SAW RIGHT AWAY THEY HAD AN IMAGE PROBLEM.

SO I TOLD 'EM STRAIGHT UP, I SAID-- YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT GOODY-GOODY REPUTATION. BAAAAD BOYS, THAT'S WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS--BAAAAD BOYS!

WRECK YOUR HOTEL ROOM-- TAKE DRUGS--THAT KINDA THING, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

"COMPLETELY UNDER THE SPELL OF THE ROCK SVENGALI, THEY CHANGED THEIR NAME TO APES-HIT AND TRASHED THE FIRST HOTEL ROOM THEY COULD CHECK INTO--"

KRAAANG!

STONK!

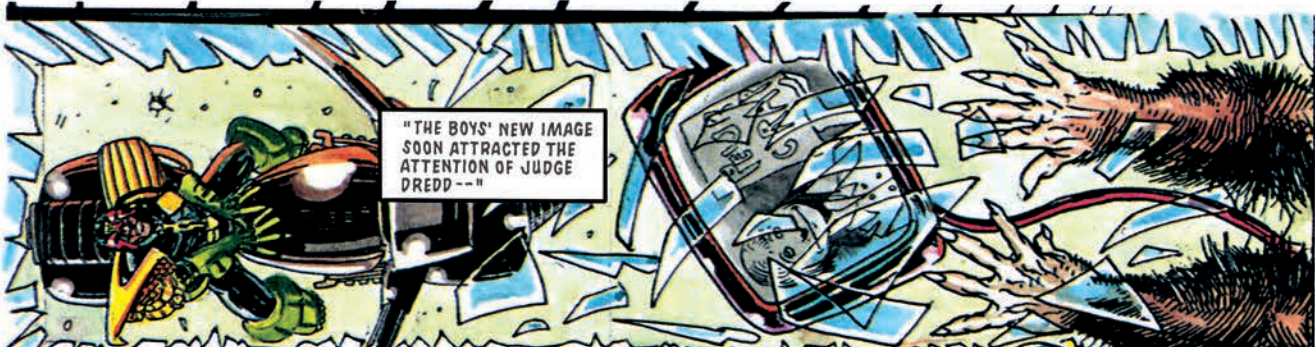
SMAASH!

SNORRT!

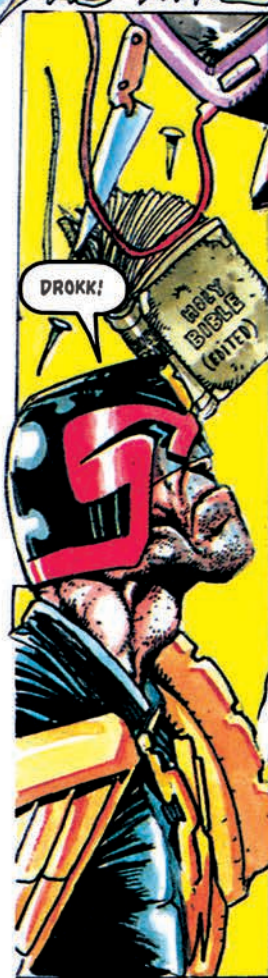
KRAAASH!

I HATE ME!

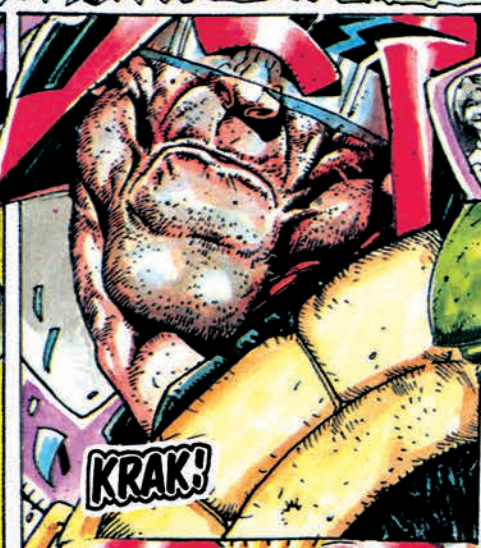




"THE BOYS' NEW IMAGE SOON ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF JUDGE DREDD--"



DROKK!



KRAK!



SMASHH!



APE ON THE RAMPAGE!



RAPID FIRE!



"DICK'S DEATH ONLY SERVED TO DRIVE DICK AND DICK INTO AN UNCONTROLLABLE THRASH-FRENZY."

DO NOT DISTURB

"JUDGE DREDD HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO, ER, SUBDUE THEM."

WAAK!  
WAAK!  
WAAK!





BAAAD SCENE, MAN!  
REMINDS ME OF OUR  
LATEST HIT--

--'LAST TRAIN TO  
DICK'S-VILLE!'

WUUUNK!

I'LL DO THE  
HITTING ROUND  
HERE, CREEP!

DICK, DICK AND WILLY GOT THREE  
YEARS EACH--AND YOU, MALC,  
GOT FIVE FOR INSTIGATING  
THEIR CRIMES!

THAT'S RIGHT.  
SO WHEN THE BOYS GOT OUT,  
THEY CAME TO SEE ME IN MY  
ISO-CUBE.

"WHAT CAN WE DO,  
MALC?" THEY SAID. "WE'VE BEEN  
LOCKED UP FOR THREE YEARS,  
AIN'T WE? NO-ONE'S HEARD OF  
US, HAVE THEY?"

SO I TOLD  
THEM STRAIGHT UP, I SAYS--  
YOU'VE GOT TO GET YERSELVES  
A NEW GIMMICK.

THAT WAS WHEN YOU  
CAME UP WITH WHAT  
MUST PERHAPS BE  
YOUR ULTIMATE  
STROKE OF GENIUS--

THAT'S RIGHT, KASE. I  
TOLD THEM STRAIGHT  
UP, I SAYS-- YOU'VE  
GOT TO HAVE YOUR  
BRAINS TRANSPLANTED  
INTO GIANT  
SOUTH AMERICAN  
COCKROACHES!





AND SO IT WAS THAT  
A NEW MONSTER OF  
ROCK WAS BORN.  
SINCE THEIR FIRST  
APPEARANCE, THE  
NEW BEATLES HAVE  
PLAYED TO PACKED  
HOUSES FOR OVER  
THREE NIGHTS  
RUNNING.

FITTINGLY, THEIR FIRST  
NUMBER ONE HIT SINGLE  
IS A TRIBUTE TO THE  
BOY THEY LOST ALONG  
THE DROKKIN' WAY --



COOL  
LIVE  
SAT



♪ LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DI-ICK... ♪

WELL, THAT'S IT FOR ANOTHER SHOW.  
UNTIL IT'S TIME TO BRING YOU THE  
STORY BEHIND ANOTHER ROCK LEGEND,  
THIS IS KASEY KUSSEM SAYING --

DROKK OFF AND GOOD NIGHT!

THE END



# JUDGE DREDD

THE MOST DANGEROUS GUITAR IN THE WORLD

CONTROL TO ANY  
UNIT, VICINITY  
MUSEUM OF METAL!  
ROBBERY IN  
PROGRESS!

DREDD.  
I'LL TAKE  
IT!

IT WAS A MECCA FOR  
METAL MANIACS —

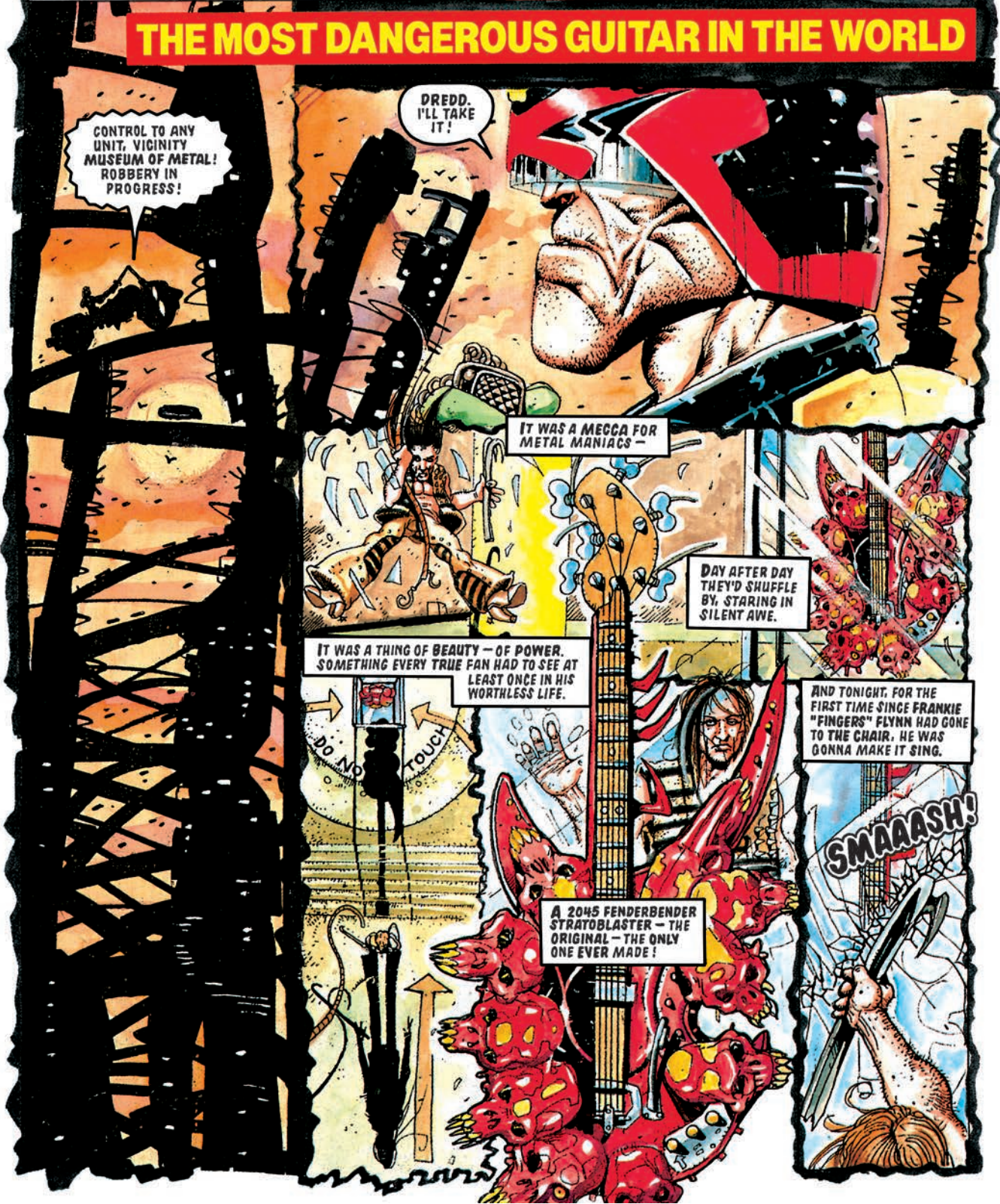
DAY AFTER DAY  
THEY'D SHUFFLE  
BY, STARING IN  
SILENT AWE.

IT WAS A THING OF BEAUTY — OF POWER.  
SOMETHING EVERY TRUE FAN HAD TO SEE AT  
LEAST ONCE IN HIS  
WORTHLESS LIFE.

AND TONIGHT, FOR THE  
FIRST TIME SINCE FRANKIE  
"FINGERS" FLYNN HAD GONE  
TO THE CHAIR, HE WAS  
GONNA MAKE IT SING.

A 2045 FENDERBENDER  
STRATOBLASTER — THE  
ORIGINAL — THE ONLY  
ONE EVER MADE!

SMAAASH!







YOU!

HOLD IT!

AAGHH!

SMACK!

HE'S STOLEN THE 2045 FENDERBENDER STRATOBLESTER!

DROKK!



THE MOST DANGEROUS HAND-GUITAR IN THE WORLD!

I GOTTA GET AFTER HIM!

HE FELL OFF THE LORRY AT THE CORNER OF PETE STREET. LUCKILY IT HAD BEEN GOING HIS WAY.

HE WAS LOSIN' BLOOD FAST. HE FIGURED HE ONLY HAD TEN MINUTES - BUT THAT OUGHTA BE ENOUGH!

HE COULD HEAR THAT HATED DRAWL - THAT SICKENING ALIEN WHINE - ECHOING ALONG THE STREET...

IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNIN' AN' ONCE MORE THE DAWNIN'...

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IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNIN' AN' ONCE MORE THE DAWNIN'...

D

TONITE  
LIVING & DEATH!

STONK!

ONCE IT HAD BEEN THE STONK CLUB, THE CITY'S NUMBER #1 THRASH-HOUSE --

I HAS WOKEN THAT LONGIN' IN ME...

RHINESTONE.

G+H!

AND NOW THEY'D KILLED IT DEAD!

TONITE  
LIVING & DEATH!

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I HAS WOKEN THAT LONGIN' IN ME...

RHINESTONE.

G+H!

AND NOW THEY'D KILLED IT DEAD!



HEY, SONNY! Y'ALL GAIN'T GO IN THAR  
DRESSED LIKE THAT AN' BLEEDIN'  
AN' ALL! THIS HERE'S A REE-  
SPECTABLE COUNTRY AN'  
WESTERN CLUB!

THE ONLY PLACE THE KID HAD EVER  
FELT HAPPY -- AT HOME --

RACKED  
WALL-TO-WALL  
WITH  
RHINESTONE  
ASSHOLES!

TRAIL  
OF BLOOD...

NOW I'D LIKE T' SING Y'ALL ANOTHER  
SOMEBODY-DONE-SOMEBODY-  
WRONG SONG.

TENNESSEE  
ANNA FORD!

I'LL SHOW YOU  
REAL MUSIC!

CHANGACHANGGGA!

FASTER AND FASTER THE KID'S HANDS MOVED,  
COAXING SOUNDS OUT OF THAT GUITAR THAT  
HADN'T BEEN HEARD SINCE FINGERS FLYNN DIED--

MY GRUD! IT'S A  
2045 FENDERBENDER  
STRATOBLASTER!

EVERYBODY RUN! THAT'S  
THE MOST DANGEROUS HAND-  
GUITAR IN THE WORLD!



BUT  
NOBODY  
HEARD THE  
WARNING--

THEN HE POINTED THAT MIGHTY AXE STRAIGHT  
AT TENNESSEE ANNA--

30,000 WATTS OF RAW POWER--

MUH HAID...!  
IT'S VIBRATIN'!

CHANG--

WHAAT?

ACHUNNGGACHANG--

WHEE-DOGGIE!

THEN HE LET THEM HAVE IT, SPRAYING  
POWER CHORDS LIKE BULLETS  
WATCHING HEADS EXPLODE LIKE  
RIPE MELONS--

BOOME!

BOOME!

WOOMPP!

FADDOOOOMFF!

FADUMM!

FOOMFF!

LITTLE REALISING THAT BEFORE LONG  
HIS LETHAL ACTIONS WOULD BE  
IMMORTALISED IN THE ALL-TIME  
C&W CLASSIC "THE NIGHT MUH  
BABY'S HAID BLEW UP".

HY KLENTON





THE END



# JUDGE DREDD

## MORT RIFKIND RISES AGAIN

APARTMENT 357J,  
PETER GREENAWAY BLOCK,  
VICTIM IS ONE **BIZMO**  
NEEDLER, SPECIAL F/X  
TECHNICIAN.

IT WAS ONE OF THE  
NEIGHBOURS WHO GAVE  
US THE TIP-OFF. A  
MS DEWITT.

NOTICED A STRANGE  
SMELL A FEW DAYS  
AGO, BUT DIDN'T THINK  
ANYTHING OF IT AT  
THE TIME...

PITY SHE DIDN'T CALL  
EARLIER. MIGHT'VE  
SAVED HIS LIFE.

PHONE AND FAX LINES CUT.  
DOOR WELDED SHUT FROM  
THE INSIDE. MURDERER  
MUST HAVE GOT OUT  
THROUGH THE WINDOW.  
THEN WELDED THAT SHUT.

PRETTY NASTY  
WAY TO GO,  
HUH?

YEAH.  
SLOW, TOO.



OVER THE NEXT WEEK, THREE MORE MURDERS ARE COMMITTED, EACH AS GRISLY AS THE LAST.

DENTAL RECORDS SHOW HIM TO BE ONE **BUDSY PIPKINS**, RETIRED SPECIAL F/X TECHNICIAN.



**CARMEL EHRLICH**, PENTHOUSE SUITE IN ROBERT FUEST BLOCK.



VICTIM WAS A HAEMOPHILIAC--ONE **MOJO FEINSTEIN**, SPECIAL F/X TECHNICIAN FOR **AMICUS INTERNATIONAL**...



AT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, A **PATTERN** SLOWLY EMERGES --

I THINK WE'RE LOOKING AT A STRING OF REVENGE KILLINGS.

SEEMS THE VICTIMS ALL WORKED ON THE SAME MOVIE -- "**DRAGSTRIP ZOMBIES FROM DAYTONA HIGH**."

THERE WAS A **ACCIDENT** DURING FILMING. SOME SPECIAL EFFECT MISFIRED... THE WHOLE SET WENT UP IN FLAMES.

**DRAGSTRIP ZOMBIES PRO DAYTONA HIGH**



ONE GUY DISAPPEARED IN THE BLAST--PRESUMED DEAD. NAME OF **MORT RIFKIND**.

HE'S WAITED FOR THINGS TO COOL OFF--NOW HE'S BACK TO SETTLE UP OLD SCORES, YOU THINK?





OKAY. MOTIVE'S  
REVENGE -- I'LL BUY  
THAT. BUT WHAT  
MAKES YOU SO SURE  
IT'S THIS RIFKIND  
CREEP?

THE GUY'S JOB.

HE WAS A BUG WRANGLER.  
TRAINED ALL THE BUGS  
AND SNAKES AND CREEPY-  
CRAWLIES YOU SEE IN  
THE HORROR VIDS...

SOUNDS LIKE WE  
SHOULDA SWITCHED  
WITH PEST CONTROL.

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY,  
MORT RIFKIND IS MAKING PLANS...

HORRIBLY DISFIGURED, QUITE MAD, HIS  
THIRST FOR REVENGE IS THE ONE THING  
THAT'S KEPT HIM ALIVE.

RIKIAN BEE  
(LARGE)

WE'LL SHOW THEM,  
WON'T WE, MY PRETTIES?  
MAKE THEM SUFFER AS  
THEY MADE ME SUFFER...





THEY SAW HIM OUT THERE, SCREAMING IN THE FLAMES... CRISPING AND COOKING LIKE A SUNDAY ROAST.



THEY SAW HIM AND DIDN'T DO A THING.

EIGHT WEEKS I SPENT IN THAT HELLISH JUNGLE... CRAWLING ON MY HANDS AND KNEES... SKIN CHARRED AND ROTTEN...

WELL NOW IT'S MY TURN.



FOUR DOWN, ONE TO GO...



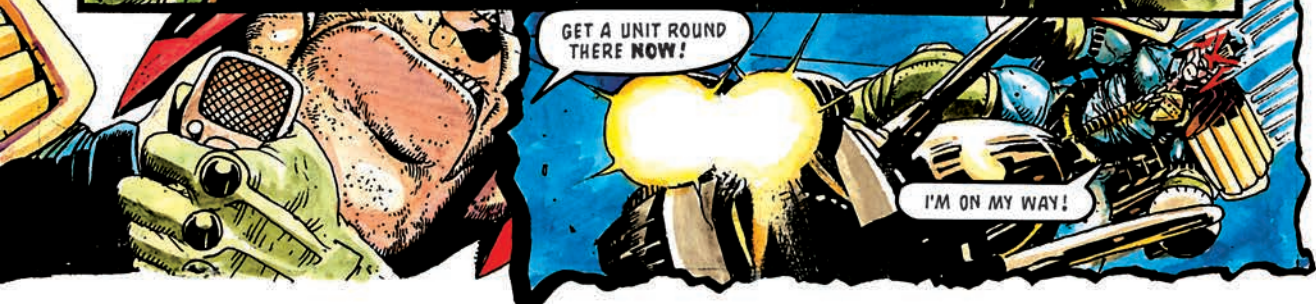
DREDD -- LEAVITT.

WE GOT LUCKY. RECORDS ARE STILL IN A MESS AFTER NECROPOLIS BUT A MANUAL SEARCH TURNED UP ONE MORE NAME.

WEZ MONDO, CHIEF SPECIAL F/X COORDINATOR. LOOKS LIKE RIFKIND'S SAVING HIM TILL LAST.

TARGET'S CURRENT ADDRESS IS 1727 MILTON SUBOTSKY CONAPTS. WE TRIED CALLING BUT THE LINE'S ENGAGED.

TIED UP 92 X.



GET A UNIT ROUND THERE NOW!

I'M ON MY WAY!



MINUTES LATER--

CONTROL-- WE'RE AT MONDO'S APARTMENT. NO SIGN OF HIM. ANY IDEA WHERE ELSE HE MIGHT BE?

GOT A WORK ADDRESS, IF THAT'S ANY USE...

TOFFEE OTTERS MUST DIE

MINUTES LATER--

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TOFFEE OTTERS MUST DIE

WHITON-GOLDSTEIN STUDIOS, AND WEZ MONDO IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE --

GOLD FILM

Y'KNOW, FELLA... IT'S LUCKY YOU TURNED UP WHEN YOU DID. IT'S USUALLY HELL TRYNNNA GET A HOVER-CAB THIS TIME OF NIGHT...

CAB

TAXI

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GOLD FILM

Y'KNOW, FELLA... IT'S LUCKY YOU TURNED UP WHEN YOU DID. IT'S USUALLY HELL TRYNNNA GET A HOVER-CAB THIS TIME OF NIGHT...

CAB

TAXI

SAY-- DON'T I KNOW  
YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?  
THE BEARD DOESN'T  
RING A BELL BUT...

BZZ

HELLO, WEZ!

OH MY GRUD--  
R-R-RIFKIND!

BUT... BUT  
YOU'RE DEAD...

SAY-- DON'T I KNOW  
YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?  
THE BEARD DOESN'T  
RING A BELL BUT...

BZZ

HELLO, WEZ!

OH MY GRUD--  
R-R-RIFKIND!

BUT... BUT  
YOU'RE DEAD...

9

NO. I'M STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE. IT'S YOU WHO ARE DEAD.

BZZZZZZZZZZ

ON HIM, MY PETS...

BZZZZZZZZZZ

BZZZZZZZZZZ

THAT HOVER-CAB!

NO. I'M STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE. IT'S YOU WHO ARE DEAD.

BZZZZZ

ON HIM, MY PETS...

FIRE C-6-65

BZZZZZ

BZZZZZ HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

THAT HOVER-CAB!

[illegible]



SOME KIND OF  
DISTURBANCE--  
LOOKS LIKE IT  
COULD BE THEM...

AAAA GRUD!

OFF-- GET 'EM OFF!  
PLEASE, MORT!

YOU!  
PULL OVER  
OR I  
FIRE!

FIRE? YOU'LL FIRE?

THEN FIRE! VENGEANCE  
IS DONE! I HAVE NOTHING  
LEFT TO LIVE FOR!

HI-EXPLOSIVE!

**KHDOOOM!**

SCRATCH OUR PERP.  
HE'S NOT GONNA WALK  
AWAY THIS TIME.

I TOOK THE STING  
OUT OF HIS TAIL!



# JUDGE DREDD

**THE  
BIG  
HIT**

WE WANT STEINER!

OUTSIZE OUTRAGE!

YOU'RE DEAD MEAT,  
SKINNY!

SCRAG END AND  
TENDERLOIN!

"BRING ME THE HEAD OF  
BLAKELOCK STEINER!"

YOU MAY  
BE FAT

STOP THIS  
SIZEIST BOOK!

WE'RE HERE +  
WE'RE GROSE  
GET USED TO IT

OBESSE +  
OUTRAGED.

THAT WAS THE MESSAGE  
YESTERDAY FROM  
BILLY-RAY BUTLINS,  
LEADER OF THE OUTLAWED  
ACTIVIST GROUP THE  
FAT FREEDOM  
COALITION.

BUTLINS IS ONE OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S  
MOST WANTED MEN, YET DESPITE MONTHS  
OF UNDERCOVER WORK HE STILL REMAINS  
AT LARGE.

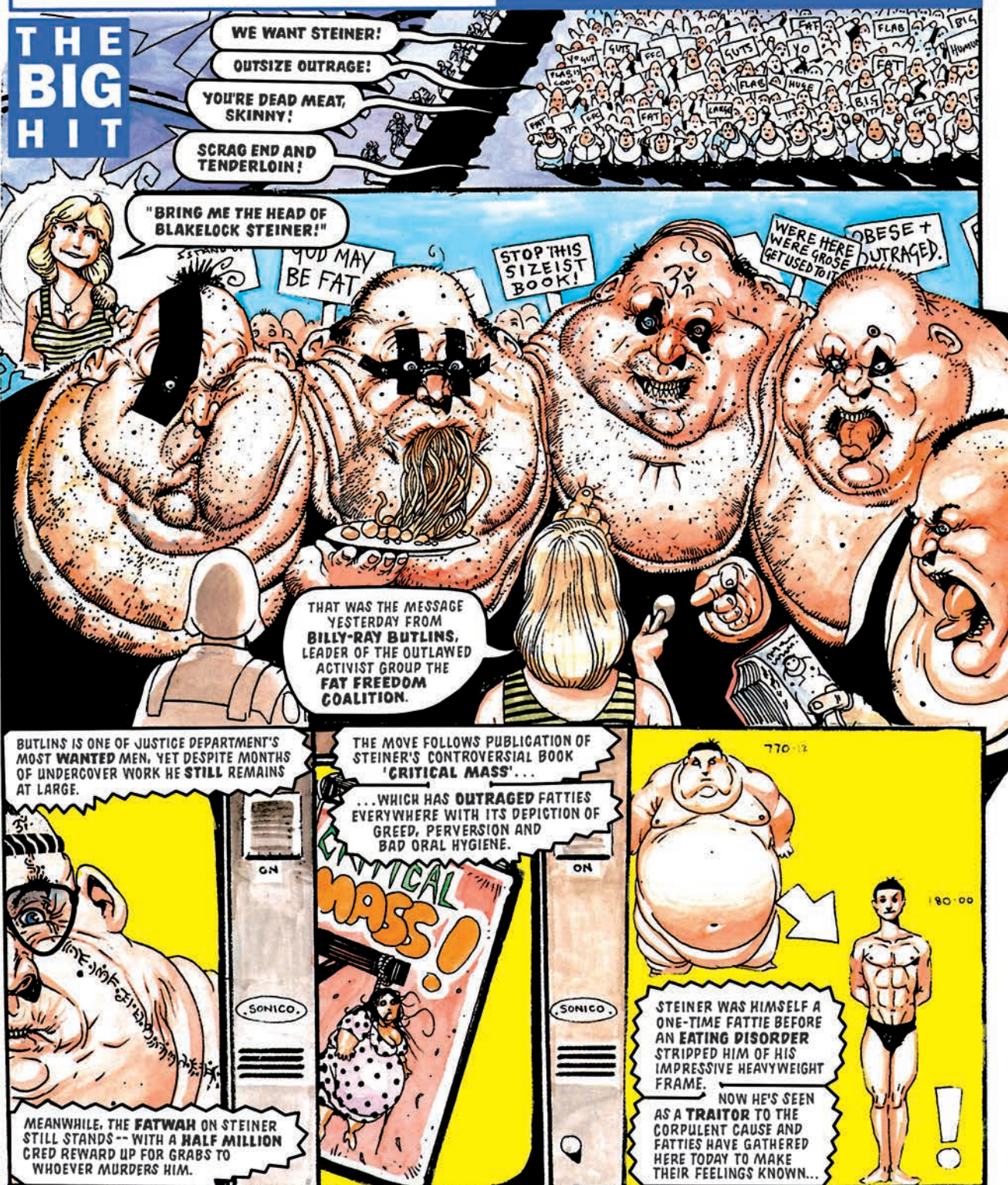
THE MOVE FOLLOWS PUBLICATION OF  
STEINER'S CONTROVERSIAL BOOK  
'CRITICAL MASS'...

...WHICH HAS OUTRAGED FATTIES  
EVERYWHERE WITH ITS DEPICTION OF  
GREED, PERVERSION AND  
BAD ORAL HYGIENE.

MEANWHILE, THE FATWAH ON STEINER  
STILL STANDS -- WITH A HALF MILLION  
CRED REWARD UP FOR GRABS TO  
WHOEVER MURDERS HIM.

STEINER WAS HIMSELF A  
ONE-TIME FATTIE BEFORE  
AN EATING DISORDER  
STRIPPED HIM OF HIS  
IMPRESSIVE HEAVYWEIGHT  
FRAME.

NOW HE'S SEEN  
AS A TRAITOR TO THE  
CORPULENT CAUSE AND  
FATTIES HAVE GATHERED  
HERE TODAY TO MAKE  
THEIR FEELINGS KNOWN...





AND THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET  
THEIR CHANCE AS THE MOTORCADE  
PULLS INTO VIEW NOW --

STEINER'S POD IN THE LEAD, FOLLOWED  
BY THE SEVEN JUDGE ESCORT ASSIGNED  
TO HIM UNDER THE PROTECTIVE  
CUSTODY PROGRAMME...

DROKK!

HEY, MOM!  
WHAT'RE THOSE  
PEOPLE DOING  
UP THERE?

TYSON! BOWERS!

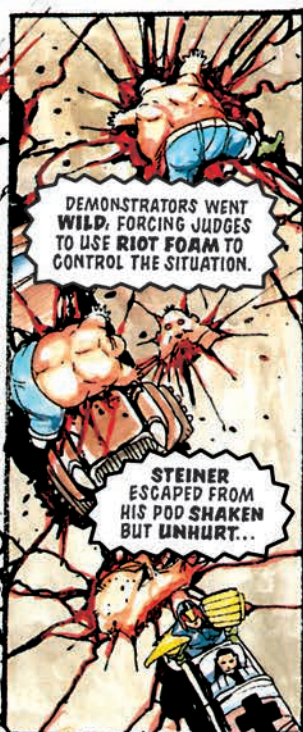
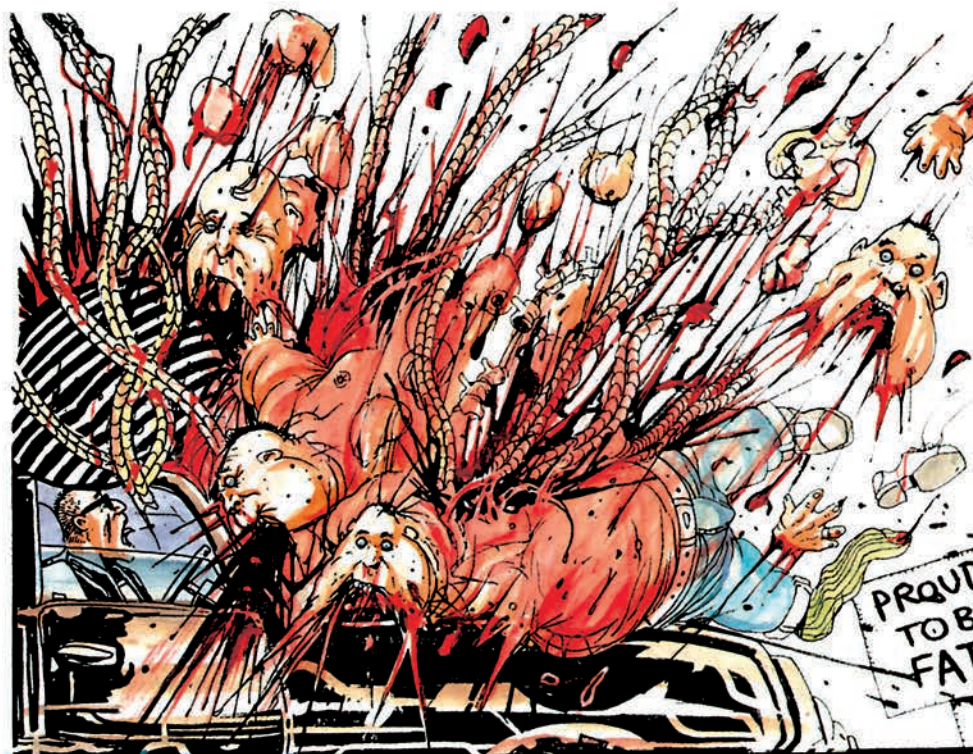
WE GOT A GROUP  
OF LEAPERS ON  
TIPPI HEDREN BLOCK!  
GET THOSE CROWDS BACK  
FROM THE BARRICADES!

WELL, MEN... LOOKS  
LIKE THIS IS IT...

LINK HANDS AND HOLD  
FORMATION. WE'RE GONNA  
KNOCK THAT BACKSTABBING  
BAG OF BONES INTO THE  
MIDDLE OF NEXT YEAR!

DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!





DEMONSTRATORS WENT WILD, FORCING JUDGES TO USE RIOT FOAM TO CONTROL THE SITUATION.

STEINER ESCAPED FROM HIS POD SHAKEN BUT UNHURT...

PROUD TO BE FAT



A TRAGEDY, FELLOW FLABSTERS-- AND ONE THAT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN IF WE DON'T ACT QUICKLY.

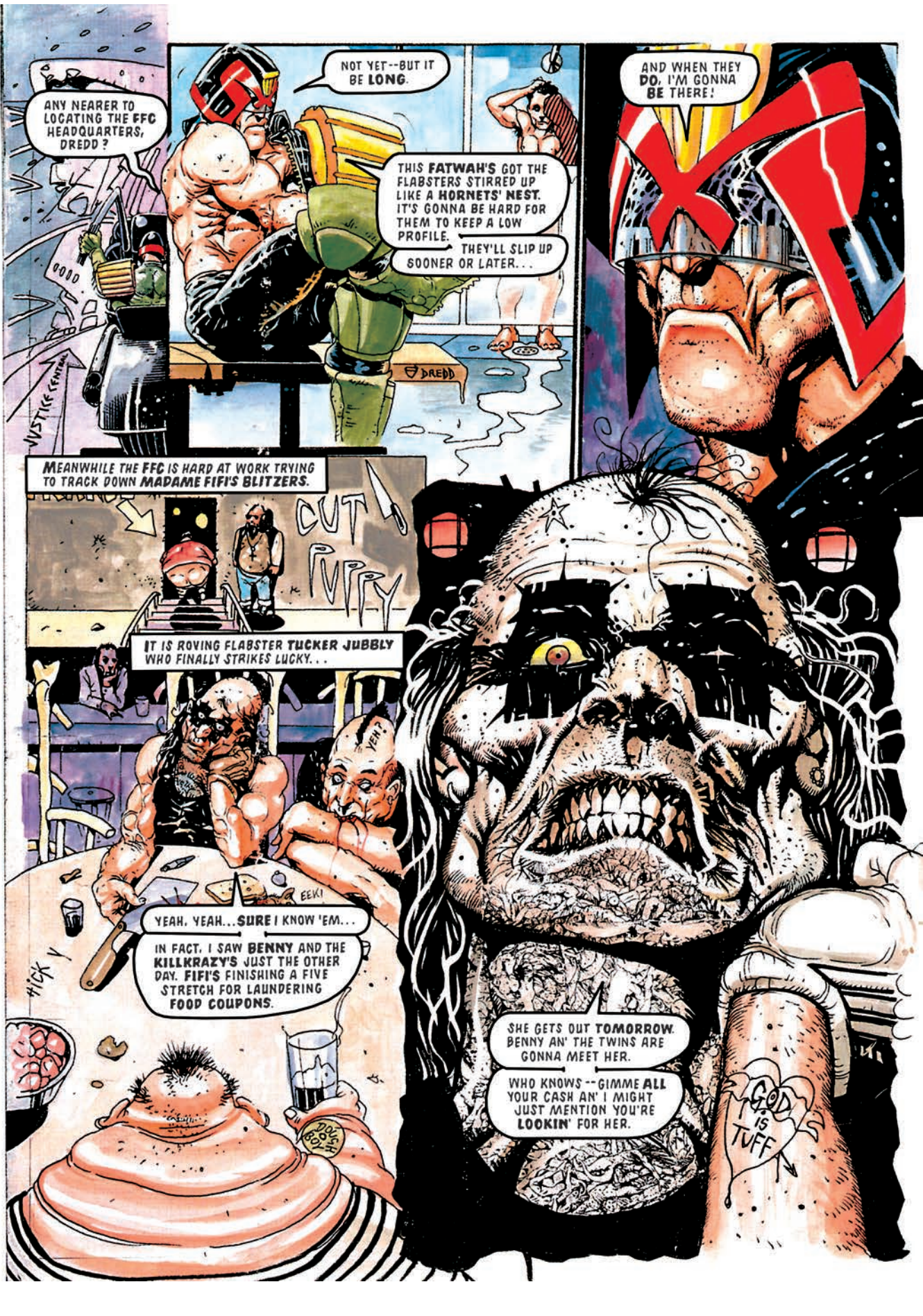
EACH DAY THAT THAT TREACHEROUS VERMIN STEINER STAYS ALIVE MOCKS OUR CAUSE--

WE NEED TO TAKE DECISIVE ACTION-- NOW!

AS LEADER OF THE FAT FREEDOM COALITION, I PROPOSE WE BRING IN PROFESSIONAL HELP.

COMRADES--IT'S TIME TO CALL IN MADAME FIFI'S BORN-AGAIN BLITZERS!





ANY NEARER TO LOCATING THE FFC HEADQUARTERS, DREDD?

NOT YET--BUT IT BE LONG.

THIS FATWA'S GOT THE FLABSTERS STIRRED UP LIKE A HORNETS' NEST. IT'S GONNA BE HARD FOR THEM TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE. THEY'LL SLIP UP SOONER OR LATER...

AND WHEN THEY DO, I'M GONNA BE THERE!

MEANWHILE THE FFC IS HARD AT WORK TRYING TO TRACK DOWN MADAME FIFI'S BLITZERS.

CUT TO PITY

IT IS ROVING FLABSTER TUCKER JUBBLY WHO FINALLY STRIKES LUCKY...

YEAH, YEAH... SURE I KNOW 'EM...

IN FACT, I SAW BENNY AND THE KILLKRAZY'S JUST THE OTHER DAY. FIFI'S FINISHING A FIVE STRETCH FOR LAUNDERING FOOD COUPONS.

SHE GETS OUT TOMORROW. BENNY AN' THE TWINS ARE GONNA MEET HER.

WHO KNOWS--GIMME ALL YOUR CASH AN' I MIGHT JUST MENTION YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR HER.

GOD IS TUFF



COMRADES-- TODAY IS OUR DAY OF RETRIBUTION! THE DAY WE ENLIST THE ANGELS OF JUSTICE AGAINST THE ARCH-TRAITOR STEINER.

PLEASE WELCOME TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FAT FREEDOM COALITION...

MADAME FIFI'S BORN-AGAIN BLITZERS!

JUST RELEASED FROM THE CUBES... FIFI LEFIST, WINNER OF THE WORLD ARM-WRESTLING TOURNAMENT FOUR YEARS RUNNING.

BLIND MAN BENNY FRENZ, KEM KWONG KICK-BOXING CHAMPION AND CORDON BLEU CHEF.

AND THE KILLCRAZY TWINS, MORT AND EIGER, BRIT-CIT'S HOTTEST SUPERSLAM TAG TEAM.

I'D LIKE TO SAY WHAT A PRIVILEGE IT IS TO—

STOW IT, FATBOY!

HEY, BABY-- CHILL OUT. YOU AIN'T IN THE CUBES NO MORE--

OH MY LORD! IT'S A BODY SUIT!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

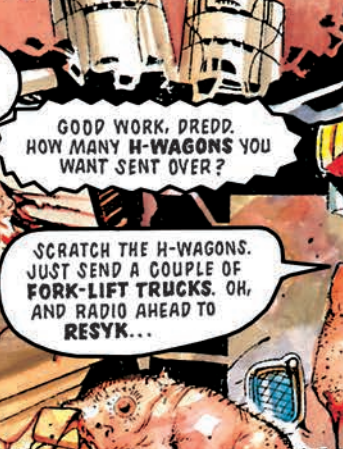
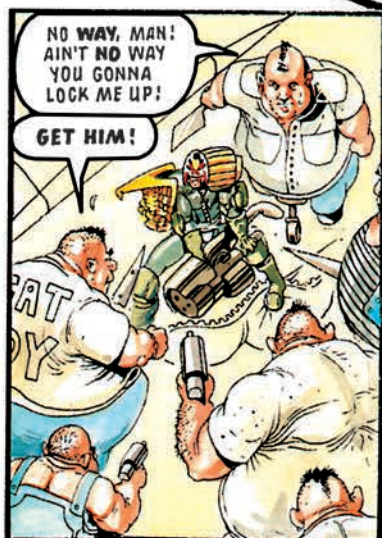
ALL RIGHT! GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR! ALL OF YOU!

GOT IT IN ONE.

YOU REALLY THINK WE WERE GONNA LET FIFI WALK FREE, AND MISS A CHANCE OF SETTING UP YOU CREEPS?

NOW GET THOSE HANDS IN THE AIR!





JOHN HICKLETON

THE END



# JUDGE DREDD

ITEM! TRIPLE HOMICIDE  
AND ARMED ROBBERY  
AT THE MEGA-CITY ONE  
SAVINGS AND LOAN IN  
SECTOR 17 -- UNITS  
NEEDED FOR SEARCH!

DREDD RESPONDING!  
ANY MORE  
DETAILS?

WITNESSES SAY THREE  
PERPS RAN INTO THE  
HEARTBREAK HOTEL,  
ADJACENT!  
DESCRIPTIONS TO  
FOLLOW!

HEART  
BREAK

PERPS BELIEVED TO HAVE  
SNATCHED LESS THAN  
FIVE HUNDRED CRED\$ --  
KILLED THREE SAVINGS  
AND LOAN STAFF IN  
THE PROCESS!

THESE BOYS AIN'T  
TOO CLEVER.

THREE ARMED PERPS  
RAN IN HERE --  
WHERE'D THEY GO?

INTO THE  
BALLROOM,  
BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER FIND  
THEM!

YEAH?  
WHY NOT?

THEY WERE  
IN DISGUISE  
AS --

DISGUISE OR NO  
DISGUISE, I'M TAKING  
THEM IN!

DESCRIPTION  
COMING THROUGH  
NOW, DREDD...

OOF!



... ALL THREE PERPS WERE  
DISGUISED AS A TWENTIETH  
CENTURY ROCK STAR...

ELVIS PRESLEY IM  
ANNUAL CONVENTION

PROKK!

...ELVIS  
PRESLEY!

ELVIS  
ELVIS  
ELVIS





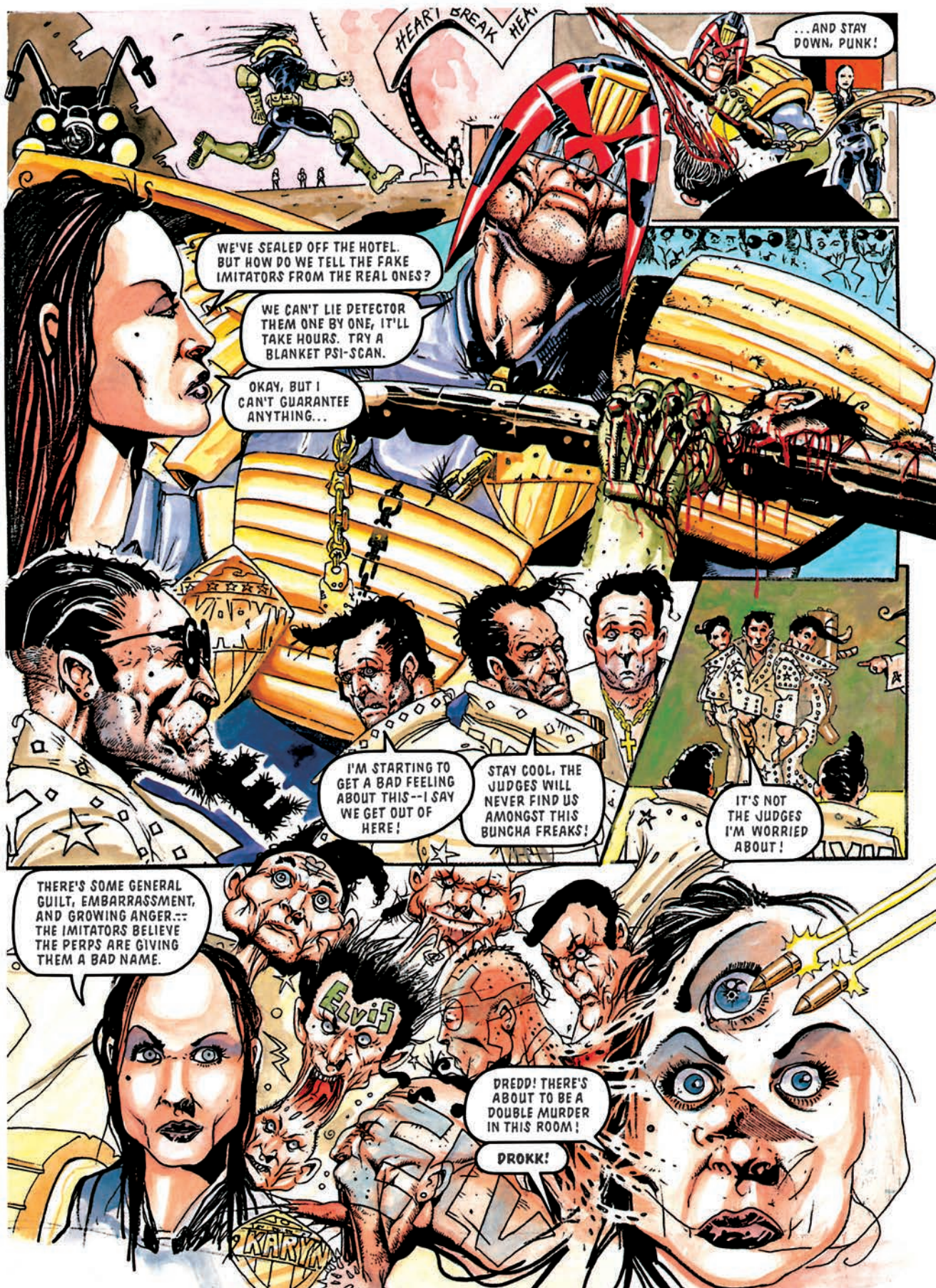


CONTROL, I THINK I MIGHT NEED SOME BACK-UP ON THIS ONE...

GET ME PSI-JUDGE KARYN!

LET'S GO  
FORA  
CLAMBAKE





HEAR! BREAK HEAR!

...AND STAY DOWN, PUNK!

WE'VE SEALED OFF THE HOTEL. BUT HOW DO WE TELL THE FAKE IMITATORS FROM THE REAL ONES?

WE CAN'T LIE DETECTOR THEM ONE BY ONE, IT'LL TAKE HOURS. TRY A BLANKET PSI-SCAN.

OKAY, BUT I CAN'T GUARANTEE ANYTHING...

I'M STARTING TO GET A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS--I SAY WE GET OUT OF HERE!

STAY COOL, THE JUDGES WILL NEVER FIND US AMONGST THIS BUNCHA FREAKS!

IT'S NOT THE JUDGES I'M WORRIED ABOUT!

THERE'S SOME GENERAL GUILT, EMBARRASSMENT, AND GROWING ANGER... THE IMITATORS BELIEVE THE PERPS ARE GIVING THEM A BAD NAME.

DREDD! THERE'S ABOUT TO BE A DOUBLE MURDER IN THIS ROOM!

DROKK!





OUT OF THE WAY,  
OR I'LL ARREST ALL  
OF YOU FOR  
OBSTRUCTION!

THEY'VE TURNED FROM  
AN ANGRY MOB TO A  
LYNCH MOB!

EXEUNT

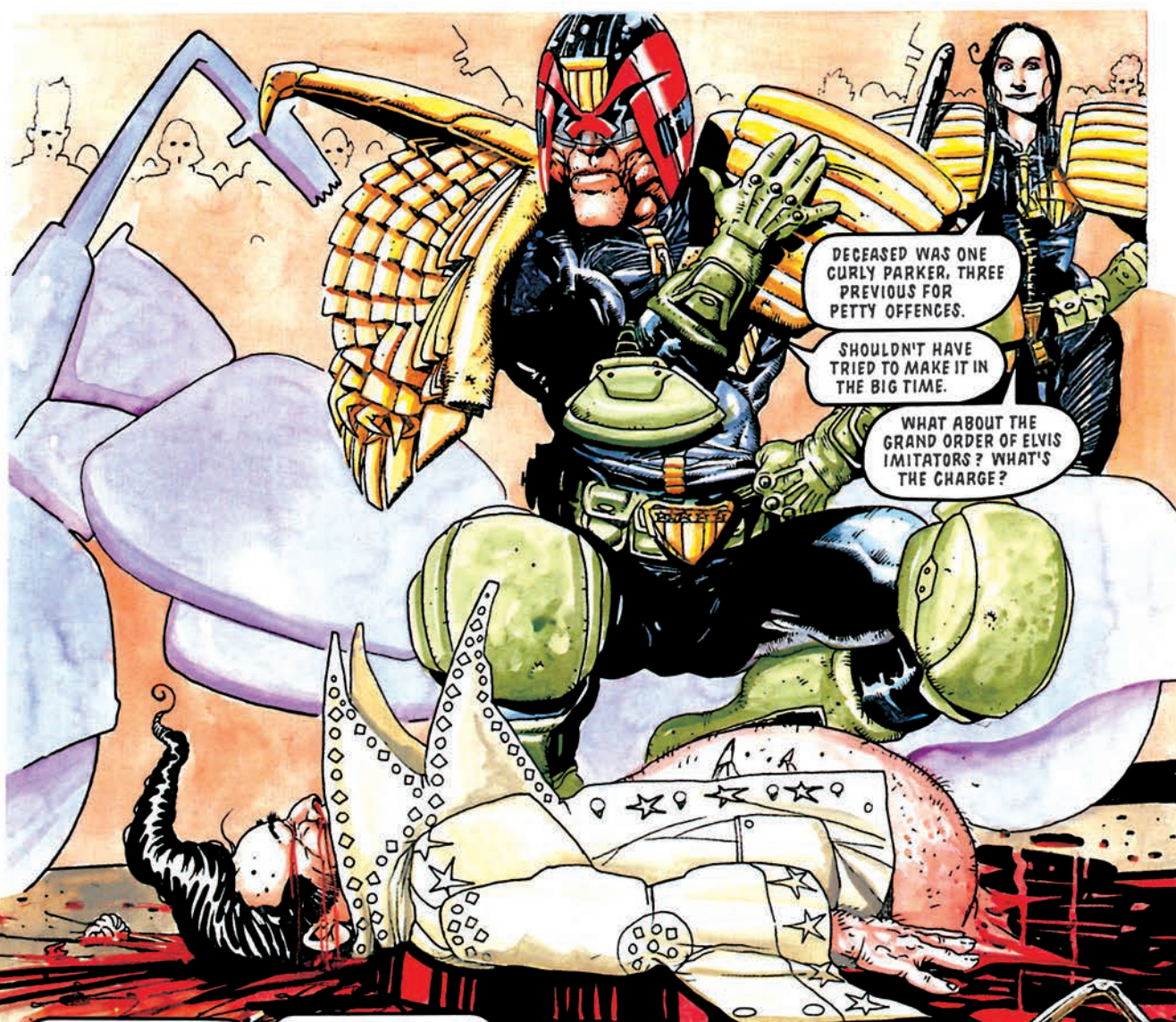
I'M  
GETTING  
OUT OF  
HERE!

OH STOMM!

CONTROL, GET SOME RIOT FOAM  
TO THE HEARTBREAK HOTEL NOW!  
WE'VE GOT AN ELVIS STAMPEDE  
ON OUR HANDS!

NOW, GUYS, BE REASONABLE.  
I MEAN, WE'RE ALL BIG  
ELVIS FANS HERE...





DECEASED WAS ONE CURLY PARKER, THREE PREVIOUS FOR PETTY OFFENCES.

SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO MAKE IT IN THE BIG TIME.

WHAT ABOUT THE GRAND ORDER OF ELVIS IMITATORS? WHAT'S THE CHARGE?

CONSPIRACY TO MURDER, TWENTY YEARS EACH. THEY'RE ALL AS GUILTY AS EACH OTHER, EVEN IF ONLY A FEW ACTUALLY DID THE DEED.

WE'LL NEED TO BUILD A NEW ISO-BLOCK JUST TO HOUSE THEM ALL.

PERHAPS IT COULD BE CALLED GRACELAND?

DON'T GIVE UP THE DAY JOB, KARYN.

CONTROL TO DREDD--

--REPORTS OF A MURDER AT THE KYLIE MINOGUE CULTURAL FESTIVAL, SECTOR 28. PLEASE RESPOND!

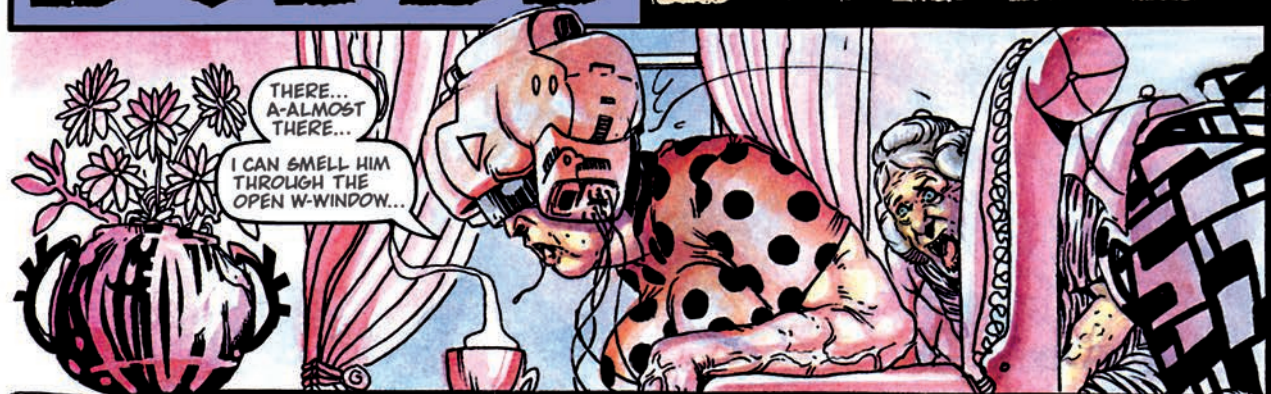
IT SEEMED LIKE SUCH A QUIET DAY THIS MORNING.

I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY!

THE END



# JUDGE DREDD







HI!

WASH HIS  
FILTHY  
MOUTH OUT!

GLIT HIM,  
BERYL!

AAAA  
AAAA

AAAAAAA!

SLIT  
HIM!

CUT OFF HIS  
DIRTY BITS!

hukk

hukt

thut

SMILEEE-  
SMILEEE!





CONTROL - WE GOT ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON. APARTMENT 83-12, DARIO ARGENTO BLOCK. VICTIM'S ONE HERSCHELL LEWIS...

CAUSE OF DEATH?

HARD TO TELL. THERE'S SO MUCH BLOOD.

LOOKS LIKE HE DID THREE ROUNDS WITH THE GARBAGE GRINDER.

HERSCHELL LEWIS...USED TO WRITE PULP FICTION FOR FLESH WOUND PRESS.

CENSORSHIP LOBBY'S BEEN TRYING TO GET HIM BANNED FOR YEARS.

ECKHART - YOUR PEOPLE TURN ANYTHING UP?

WE ALSO FOUND THIS - WEDGED UNDER THE RIBCAGE, RIGHT WHERE THE HEART SHOULD'VE BEEN.

THERE'S A NOTE INSIDE.

A FEW STRANDS OF HAIR...IN THE VICTIM'S MOUTH AND UNDER THE FINGERNAILS. ANIMAL HAIR, PROBABLY FROM A PRIMATE.

LOOKS LIKE OUR PERP'S TRYING TO MAKE A POINT, DOESN'T IT?



WELL, LADIES... WE DID IT.

OUR FIRST STRIKE AGAINST THE PEDDLERS OF RUDENESS AND SMUT... AGAINST THE MUCKRAKERS AND THE DIRTY DOGS...

AND - THANKS TO BERYL AND THE CLEAN MACHINE - IT WAS A RUNAWAY SUCCESS.

HOW DID YOU FIND IT, BERYL? WAS IT EASY TO CONTROL THE APE?

OOO, IT WERE SMASHING. LIKE RIDING A BIKE, IT WAS. MADE ME FEEL TINGLY ALL OVER...

WELL, TOMORROW WE ALL GET TO SIT IN THE DRIVING SEAT.

I'VE JUST FINISHED LOBOTOMISING THE LAST CHIMP. AS SOON AS IT'S WIRED UP, WE'LL HAVE ALL 8 READY TO GO.

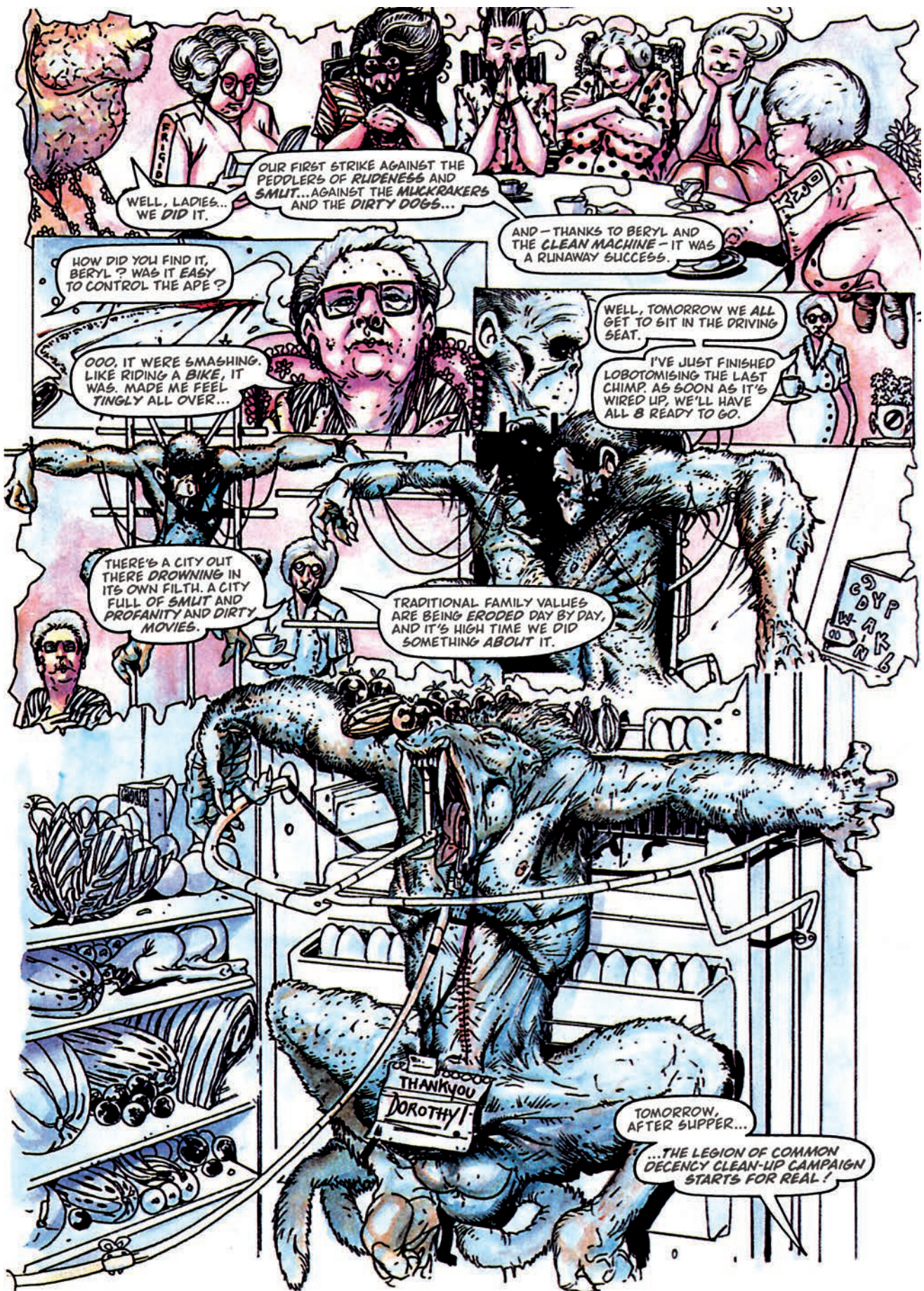
THERE'S A CITY OUT THERE DROWNING IN ITS OWN FILTH. A CITY FULL OF SMUT AND PROFANITY AND DIRTY MOVIES.

TRADITIONAL FAMILY VALUES ARE BEING ERODED DAY BY DAY, AND IT'S HIGH TIME WE DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

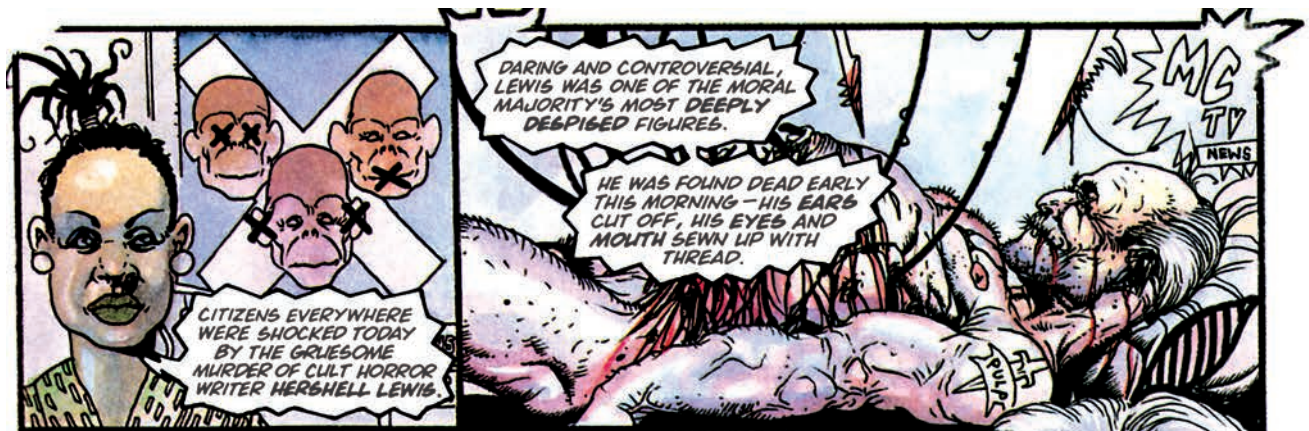
THANK YOU DOROTHY!

TOMORROW, AFTER SUPPER...

...THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN STARTS FOR REAL!



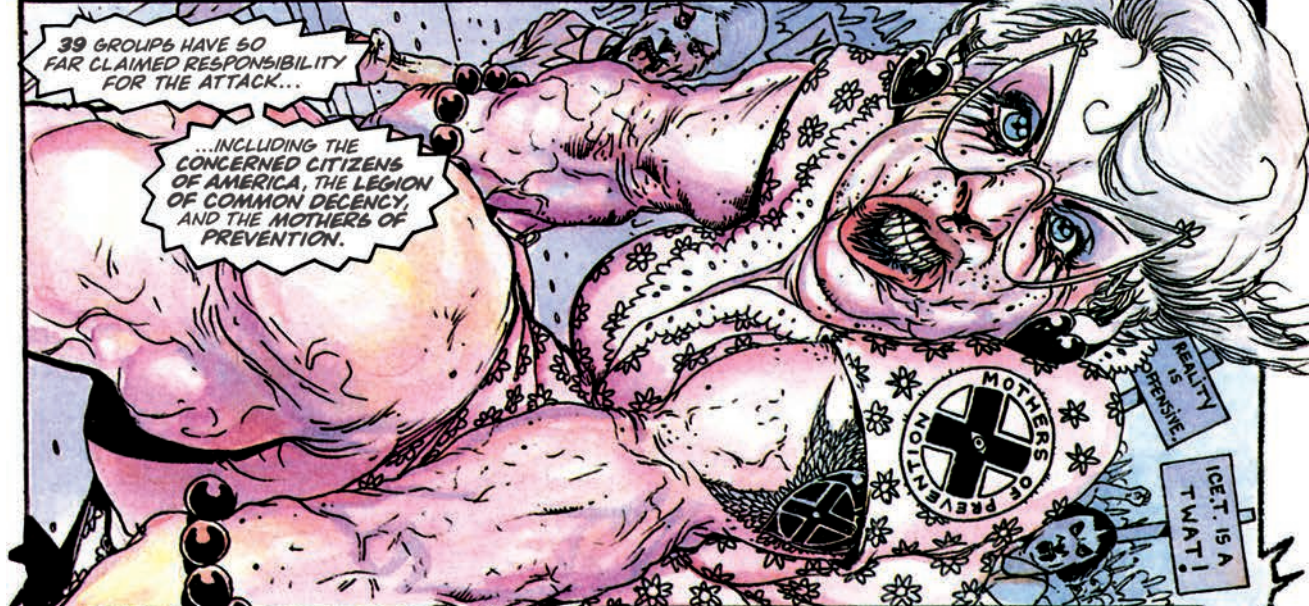




DARING AND CONTROVERSIAL, LEWIS WAS ONE OF THE MORAL MAJORITY'S MOST DEEPLY DESPISED FIGURES.

HE WAS FOUND DEAD EARLY THIS MORNING - HIS EARS CUT OFF, HIS EYES AND MOUTH SEWN UP WITH THREAD.

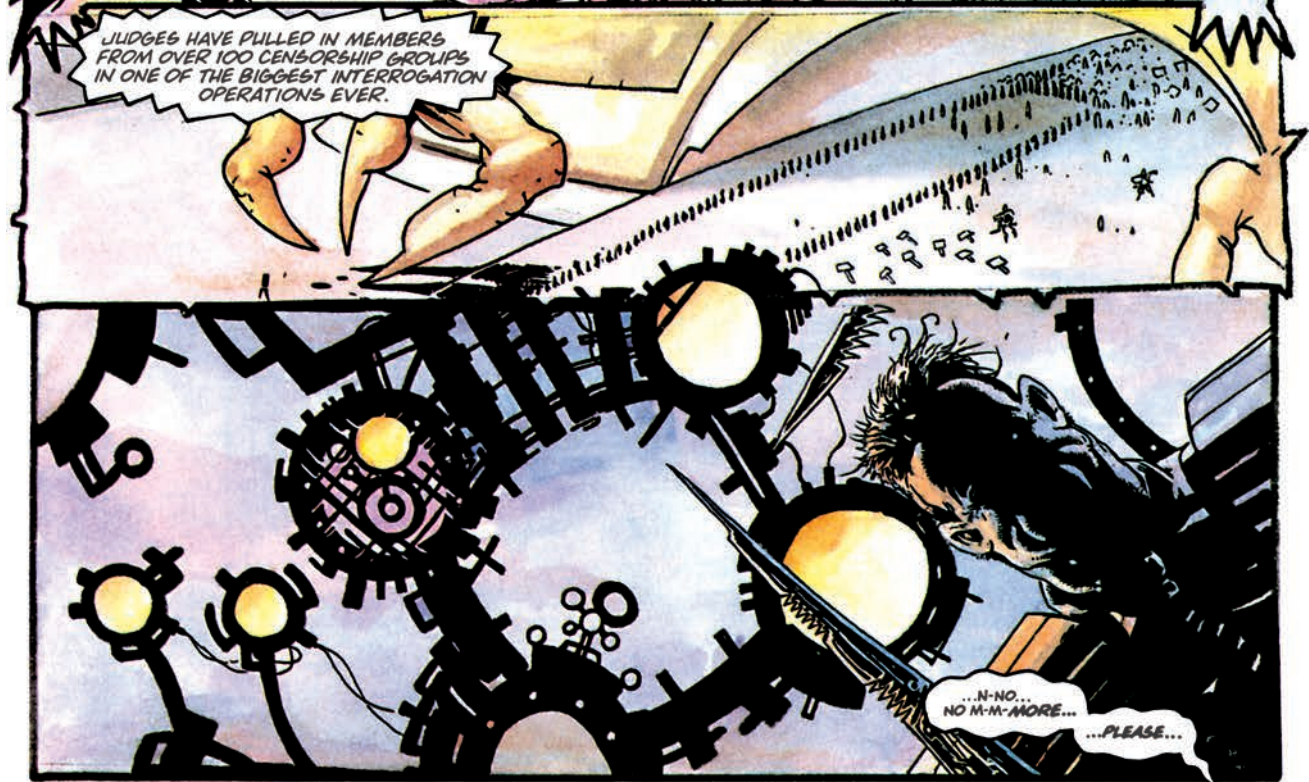
CITIZENS EVERYWHERE WERE SHOCKED TODAY BY THE GRUESOME MURDER OF CULT HORROR WRITER HERSCHELL LEWIS.



39 GROUPS HAVE SO FAR CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ATTACK...

...INCLUDING THE CONCERNED CITIZENS OF AMERICA, THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY, AND THE MOTHERS OF PREVENTION.

JUDGES HAVE PULLED IN MEMBERS FROM OVER 100 CENSORSHIP GROUPS IN ONE OF THE BIGGEST INTERROGATION OPERATIONS EVER.



...N-NO... NO N-N-MORE... PLEASE...



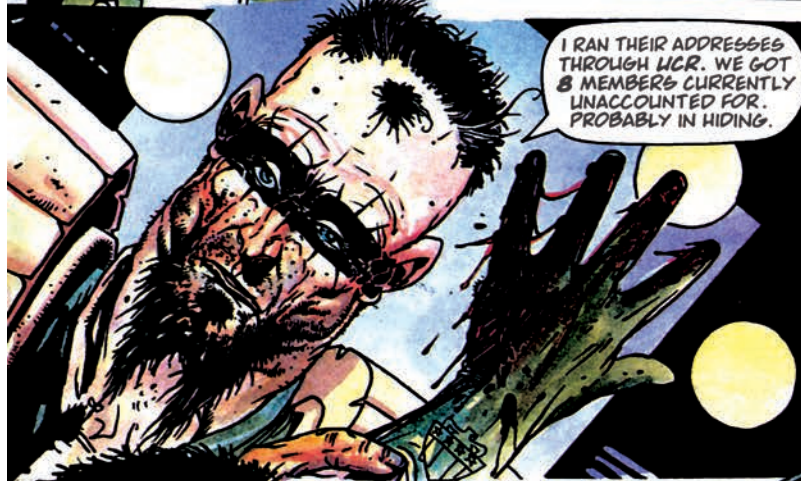


YOU GET ANYTHING OUT OF HER?



NOTHING WE DIDN'T KNOW ALREADY.

SEEMS LEWIS'S MURDER WAS A TRIAL RUN. PART OF SOME BIG CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN PLANNED BY THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY.

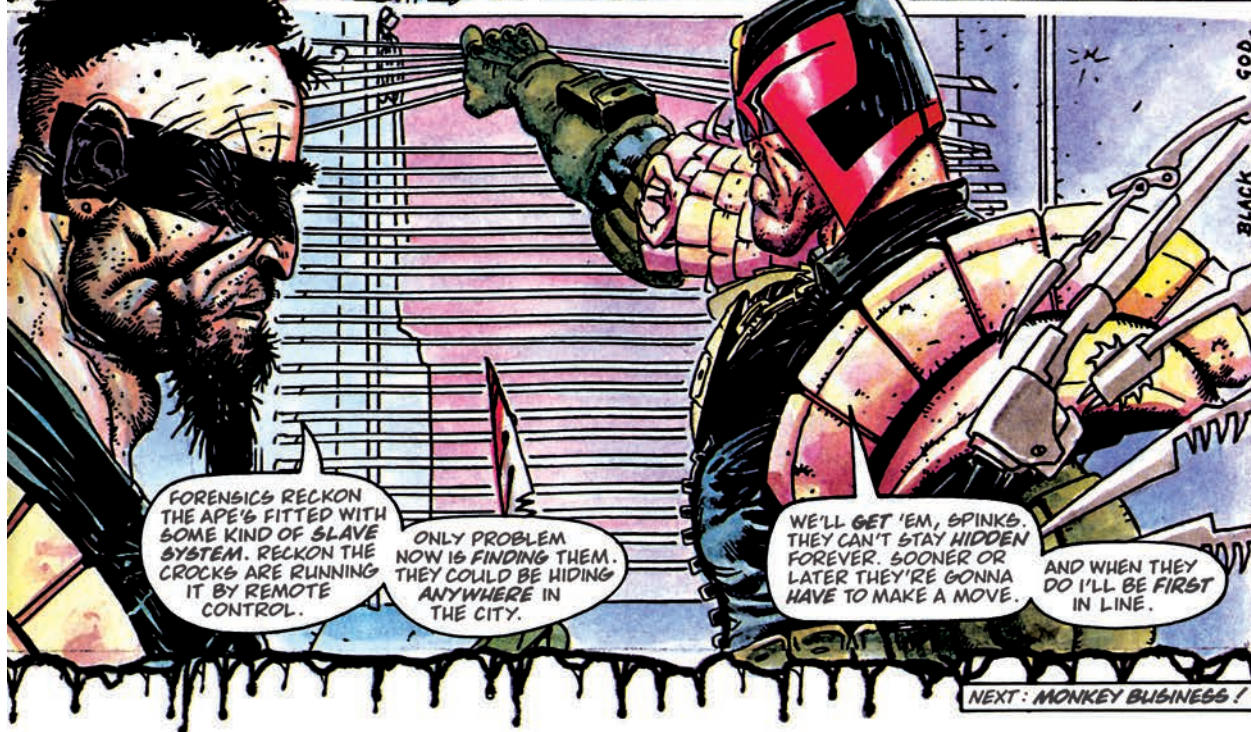


I RAN THEIR ADDRESSES THROUGH UCR. WE GOT 8 MEMBERS CURRENTLY UNACCOUNTED FOR. PROBABLY IN HIDING.



WE ALSO GOT A REPORT FROM FORENSICS. THE HAIRS THEY FOUND ON LEWIS BELONG TO PAN TROGLODYTES - A CHIMPANZEE.

THEY CONTAINED MINUTE TRACES OF HYBRINOL...A HORMONE USED IN IMPLANT SURGERY.



FORENSICS RECKON THE APE'S FITTED WITH SOME KIND OF SLAVE SYSTEM. RECKON THE CROCKS ARE RUNNING IT BY REMOTE CONTROL.

ONLY PROBLEM NOW IS FINDING THEM. THEY COULD BE HIDING ANYWHERE IN THE CITY.

WE'LL GET 'EM, SPINKS. THEY CAN'T STAY HIDDEN FOREVER. SOONER OR LATER THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO MAKE A MOVE.

AND WHEN THEY DO I'LL BE FIRST IN LINE.

NEXT: MONKEY BUSINESS!



# JUDGE DREDD

THE HUNT IS ON.

SENSES BLURRING. TENSION WEIGHING DOWN THE AIR. A LANDSLIDE OF IMAGES AND SMELLS AND TASTES.

HOT SPIT AND FLOCKED WALLPAPER. PUMPING MUSCLE AND LAVENDER WATER. BLOODLUST IN THE LIVING ROOM.

OLD MINDS RIDING PIGGYBACK IN VIRILE YOUNG BODIES.

MURDER ON ALL FOURS.

DREDD TO CONTROL.

I'M STILL WAITING FOR THAT UPDATE ON THE LEGION OF COMMON DECENCY. ANY LUCK YET WITH POSSIBLE TARGETS?

WE'RE CHECKING THE ARCHIVES NOW. NEWSLETTERS, VID-STATEMENTS... THE WORKS. GOT ABOUT 200 NAMES SO FAR.

WHO'S AT THE TOP OF THE LIST?



LIKELIEST-  
LOOKING CANDIDATE  
IS ONE ENNIS POTTER,  
PLAYWRIGHT. THE  
LEGION CALLS HIM  
THE "GODFATHER  
OF SMUT"...

THEY'VE CONDEMNED  
EVERYTHING HE'S EVER  
WRITTEN. STILL GETS  
SOME PRETTY HEAVY  
HATE MAIL.

GUY LIVES IN THE  
VICINITY, IF YOU  
WANT HIS  
ADDRESS...

WHAT'VE WE  
GOT TO LOSE?

21:45.

HIT ONE: FRANCEEN  
DEVEEN, DIRECTOR-  
GENERAL OF  
CHANNEL 69.

21:52.

HIT TWO: DEATH  
METAL ROCK STAR  
AXEL ROZZ GETS  
IT IN THE NECK.

22:17.

HIT THREE: KEATON  
ZEIGLER IX, UNDER-  
GROUND PORN BARON.



CONTROL-  
DREDD.

HAVE JUST ARRIVED  
AT ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE  
LUX-APTS. AM ABOUT TO-

DROKK!

OH MY  
GRUD!

IT'S D-D-DREDD!

CONTROL - WE'RE  
TOO LATE. THE LEGION  
JUST MADE THE HIT. GET  
A MEAT WAGON AND TEK-  
SQUAD OVER HERE  
FAST!

I'M GOING  
AFTER THE  
MONKEY!

ROGER, BUT STAY BACK.  
THOSE CRAZY OLD CROCKS  
ARE WIRED UP TO THAT  
THING.

NO TELLING  
WHAT COULD  
HAPPEN!

LIFE!









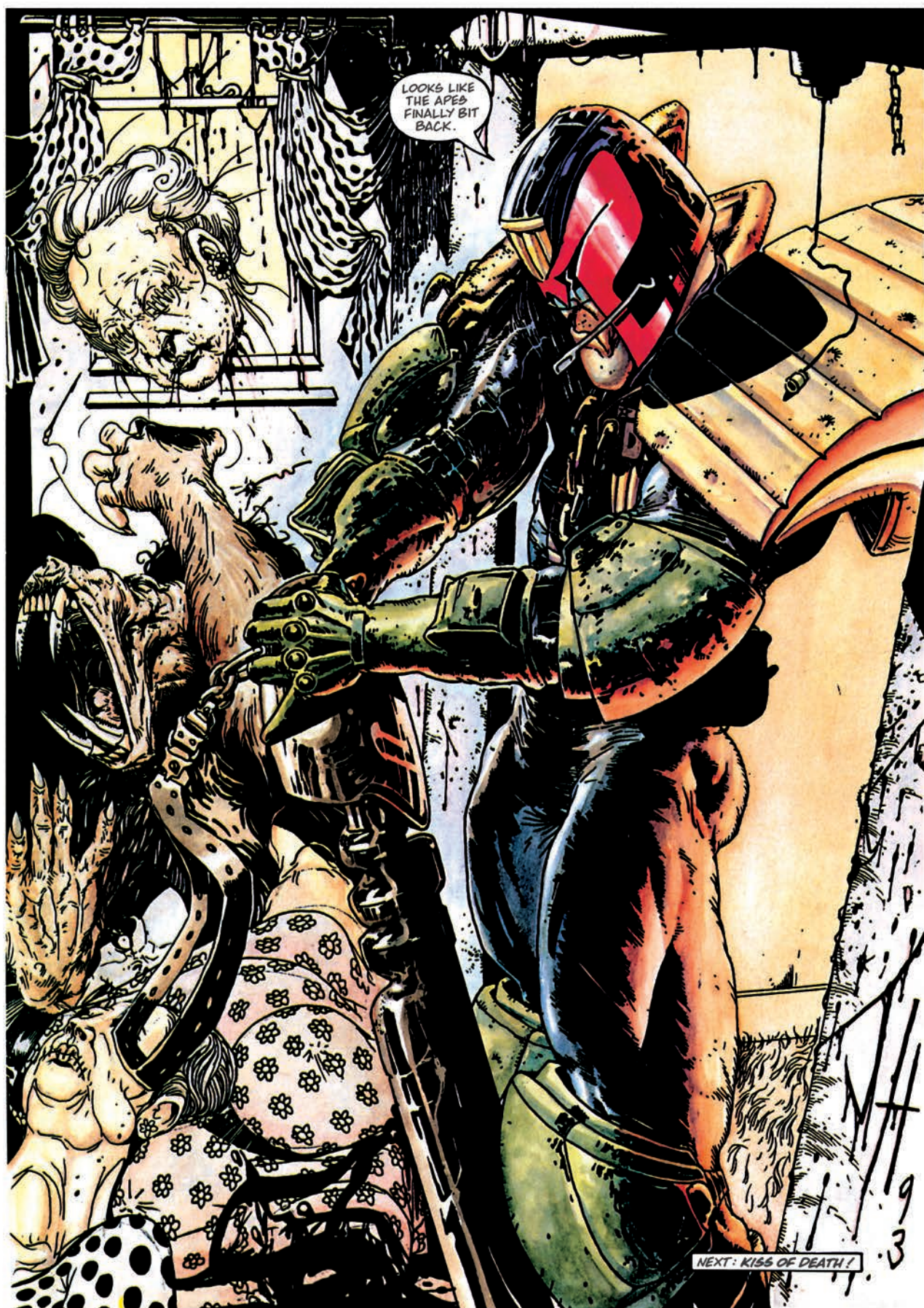




CONTROL - SCRATCH  
THAT BACK-UP. GET  
ANIMAL SQUAD DOWN  
HERE INSTEAD. COUPLE  
OF MEAT WAGONS, TOO.





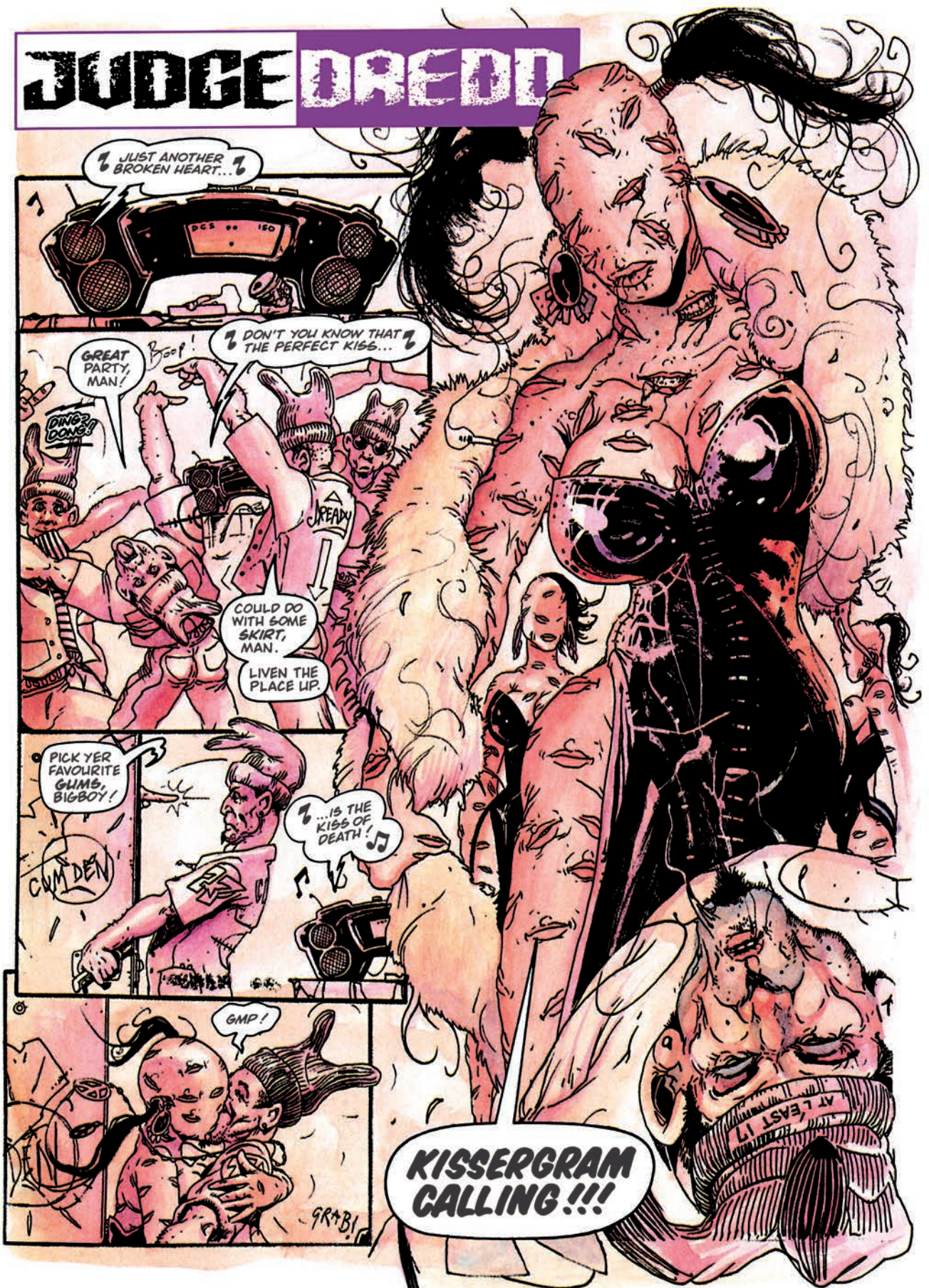


LOOKS LIKE  
THE APES  
FINALLY BIT  
BACK.

NEXT: KISS OF DEATH!



# JUDGE DREDD



JUST ANOTHER  
BROKEN HEART...

GREAT  
PARTY,  
MAN!

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT  
THE PERFECT KISS...

READY

COULD DO  
WITH SOME  
SKIRT,  
MAN.

LIVEN  
THE PLACE UP.

PICK YER  
FAVOURITE  
GUMS,  
BIGBOY!

...IS THE  
KISS OF  
DEATH!

KISSERGRAM  
CALLING!!!

GMP!

GRAB!

AT LEAST 17



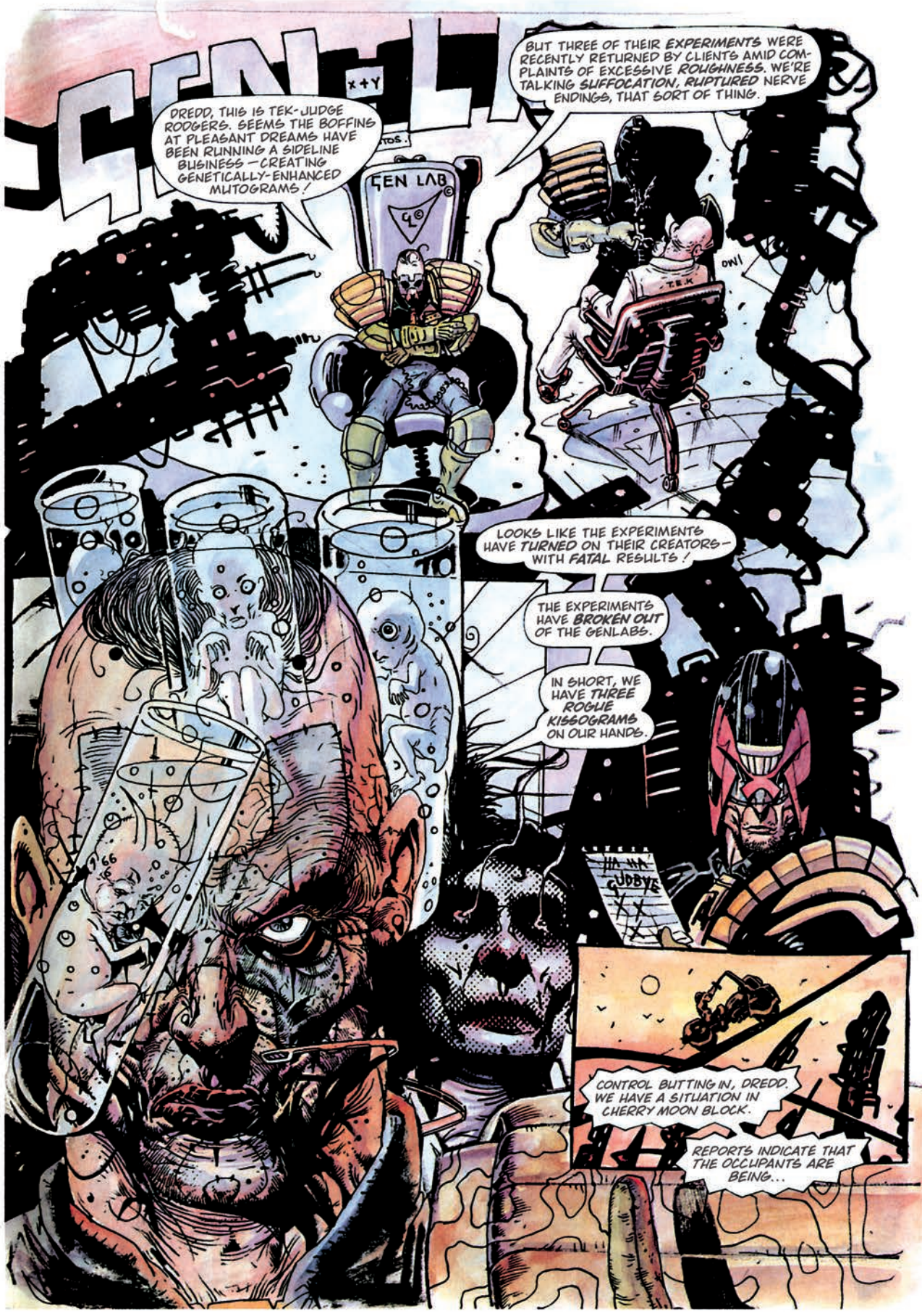


CONTROL TO DREDD.  
WE'RE PATCHING YOU THROUGH  
TO THE TEK-JUDGES AT THE  
PLEASANT DREAMS GENLABS.

THEY'VE DONE  
THE ANALYSIS  
YOU REQUESTED.

AND ?





DREDD, THIS IS TEK-JUDGE ROOGERS. SEEMS THE BOFFING AT PLEASANT DREAMS HAVE BEEN RUNNING A SIDELINE BUSINESS - CREATING GENETICALLY-ENHANCED MUTOGRAMS!

BUT THREE OF THEIR EXPERIMENTS WERE RECENTLY RETURNED BY CLIENTS AMID COMPLAINTS OF EXCESSIVE ROUGHNESS. WE'RE TALKING SUFFOCATION, RUPTURED NERVE ENDINGS, THAT SORT OF THING.

LOOKS LIKE THE EXPERIMENTS HAVE TURNED ON THEIR CREATORS - WITH FATAL RESULTS!

THE EXPERIMENTS HAVE BROKEN OUT OF THE GENLABS.

IN SHORT, WE HAVE THREE ROGUE KISSOGRAMS ON OUR HANDS.

CONTROL BUTTING IN, DREDD. WE HAVE A SITUATION IN CHERRY MOON BLOCK.

REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE OCCUPANTS ARE BEING...





"KISSED TO DEATH!"

LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME!

C'MERE, SEXY!

HMMMMPEHH!

PUCKER UP, GIRLIES! JUDGE ALERT!

OOH, I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY LIPS ON THAT CHIN!  
PUFFY, DEAR. HIT THAT FUSE BOX!

FEZAK!

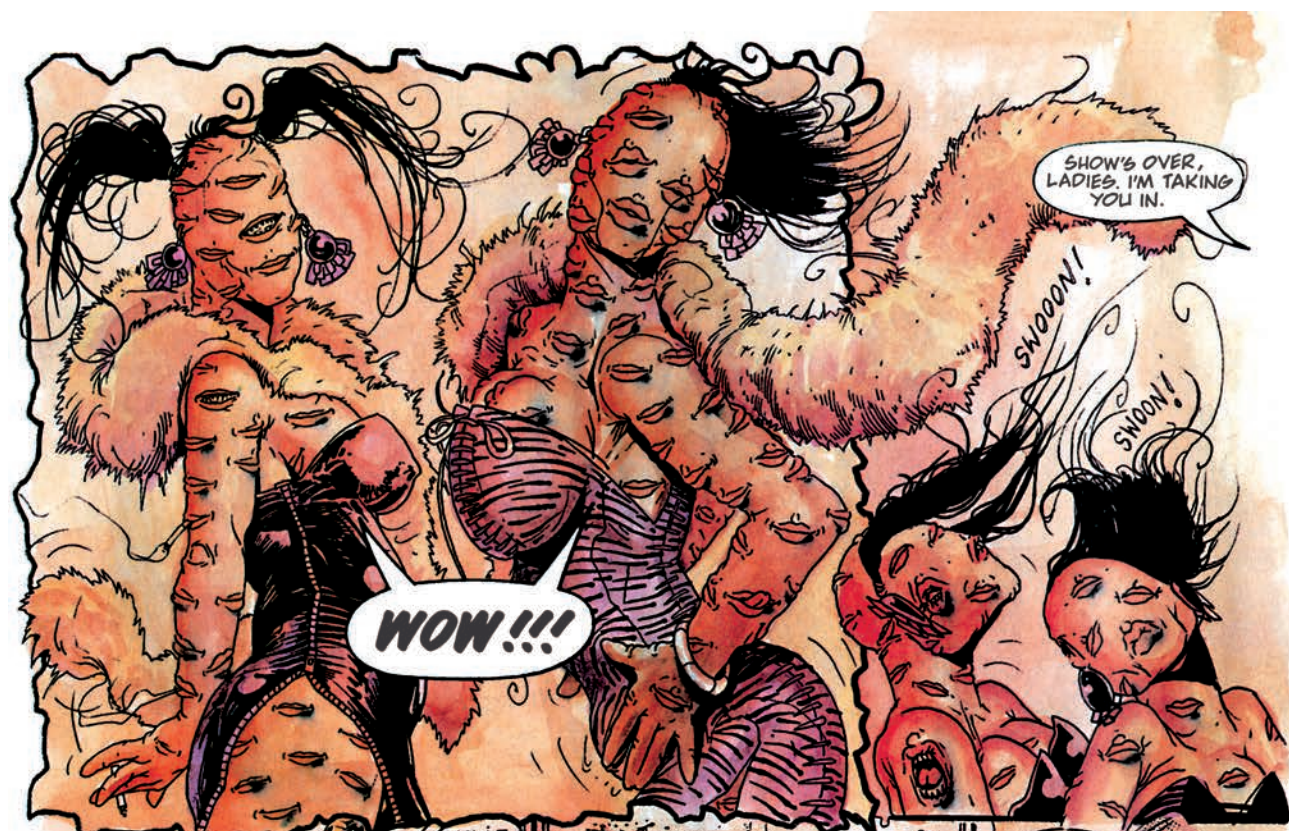
AAARGH!

FUSE BOX









THE END!



# JUDGE DREDD

IRONFIST: LIVE AT THE MEGA-DOME!



IT WAS **SHARP EDDIE'S** IDEA. THAT'S WHY HE WAS TAKING 50 PERCENT.

YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE, EDDIE?

WHAT DID THEY CARE? THEY WERE JUST FOUR BOZOS STRAIGHT OFF THE STREET. THEY DIDN'T KNOW A GUITAR FROM A GIZZARD. NOT THAT THAT MATTERED.

YOU SAW THE NAME ON THE STONE, DINCHA?

KEEP DIGGIN', **BOZO!**

ALL THEY KNEW WAS THIS HOTSHOT **ROCK MANAGER** HAD A **SCAM** WAS GONNA MAKE THEM ALL STINKIN' RICH--

HEY! I GOT SOMETHIN'!

IT'S... IT'S HIM--





EDDIE'S TEK MAN RIGGED IRONFIST  
OUT WITH **LASER EYES** AND A  
NIFTY LITTLE **MICRO-MOTOR**--



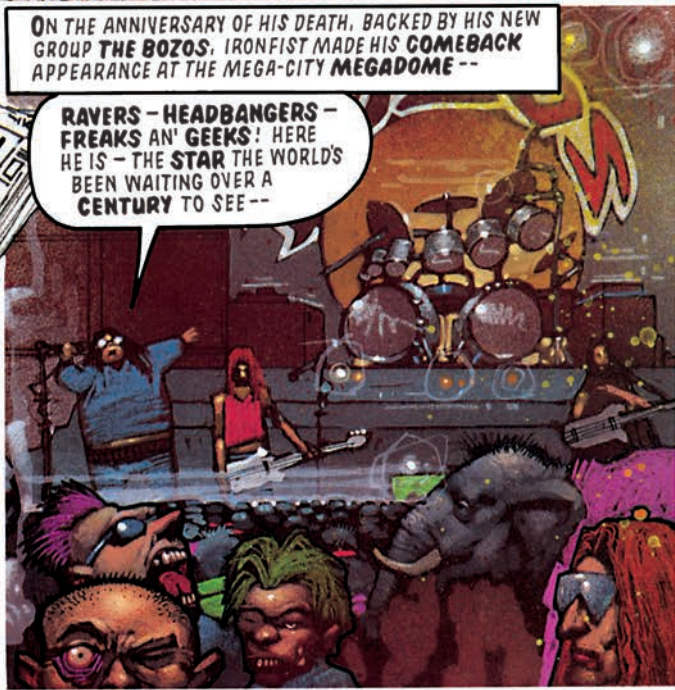
HIYA, GASTARDS!  
GREAT TO GE  
GACK!

I'LL WORK  
ON THE  
VOX BOX!



ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, BACKED BY HIS NEW  
GROUP **THE BOZOS**, IRONFIST MADE HIS **COMEBACK**  
APPEARANCE AT THE **MEGA-CITY MEGADOME**--

**RAVERS - HEADBANGERS -  
FREAKS AN' GEEKS!** HERE  
HE IS - THE **STAR** THE WORLD'S  
BEEN WAITING OVER A  
**CENTURY** TO SEE--



**IRONFIST!**

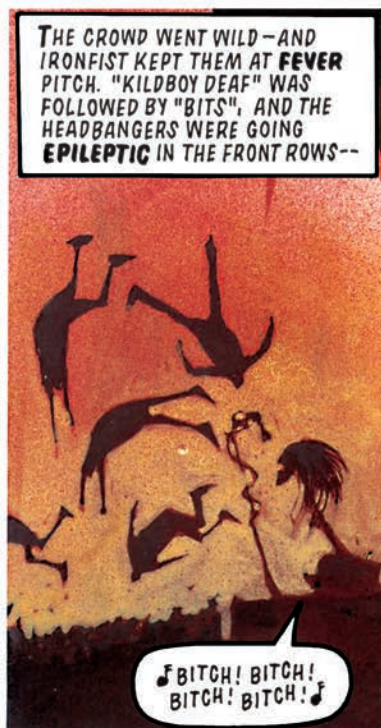






THERE WAS NO MESSING ABOUT WITH IRONFIST. HE WENT STRAIGHT INTO A HOT RE-WORK OF HIS CENTURY-OLD STANDARD "ASIA SPACE" --

♪ THE ASIA SPACE!  
THE ASIA SPACE! ♪



THE CROWD WENT WILD -- AND IRONFIST KEPT THEM AT **FEVER** PITCH. "KILDBOY DEAF" WAS FOLLOWED BY "BITS", AND THE HEADBANGERS WERE GOING **EPILEPTIC** IN THE FRONT ROWS--

♪ BITCH! BITCH!  
BITCH! BITCH! ♪

THEN THE BAND STOPPED. IRONFIST ADDRESSED HIS FANS. AND THAT'S WHEN THINGS STARTED TO GO **WRONG** --



SO THIS IS  
THE FUTURE.  
HUH?

KRAAK!



WELL LEMME TELL YA --  
THE FUTURE SUCKS!

WANNA KNOW WHY?

TOO MUCH  
FREAKIN' LAW!



HEY! WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
THE PREPARED  
SPEECH?





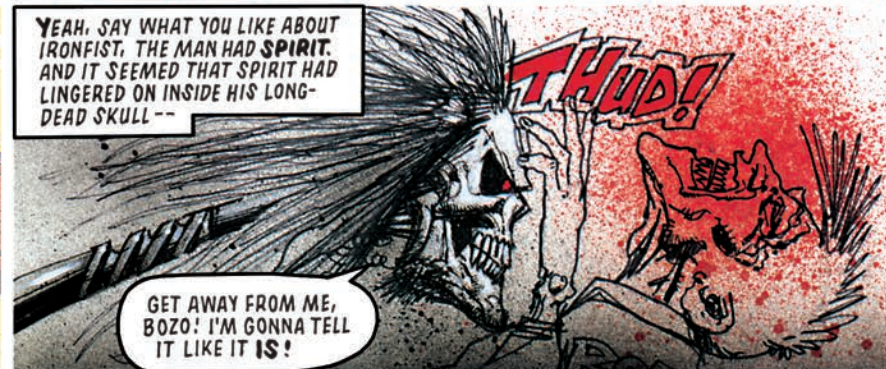
JUST COZ YOU GOT  
THE POWER DOESN'T  
MEAN YOU GOT THE  
RIGHT!  
WE DON'T  
NEED NO FREAKIN'  
HARDHAT JUDGES!



YAY!  
SCREW  
THE JUDGES,  
MAN!



YEAH, SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT  
IRONFIST, THE MAN HAD SPIRIT.  
AND IT SEEMED THAT SPIRIT HAD  
LINGERED ON INSIDE HIS LONG-  
DEAD SKULL --



GET AWAY FROM ME,  
BOZO! I'M GONNA TELL  
IT LIKE IT IS!



BORN TO LOSE,  
LIVE TO WIN!  
IT'S KILLING  
TIME!

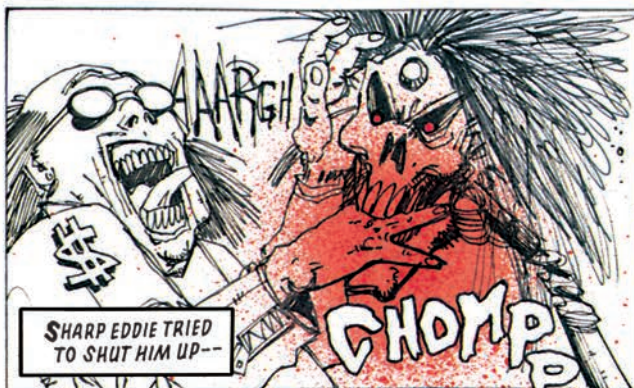


RI-OT!

RI-OT!

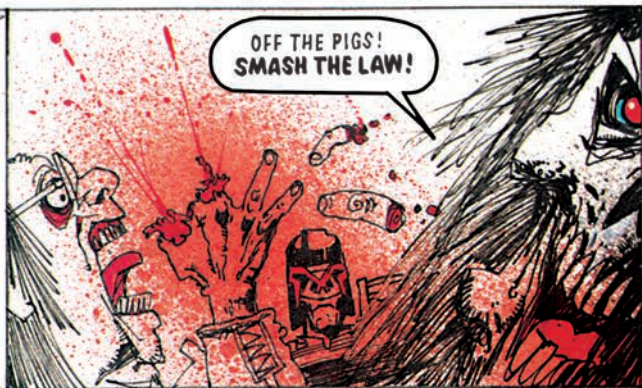
ARREST  
THAT SKULL!





SHARP EDDIE TRIED  
TO SHUT HIM UP--

CHOMP



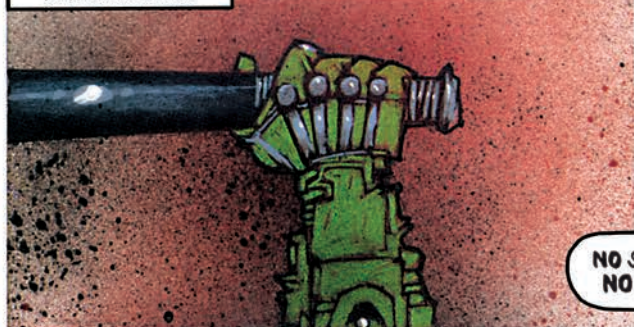
OFF THE PIGS!  
SMASH THE LAW!



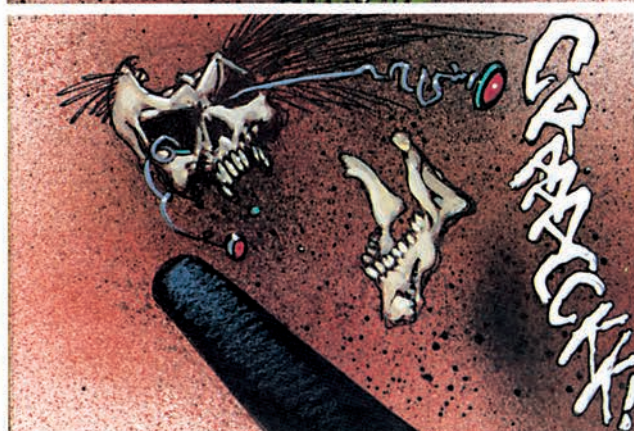
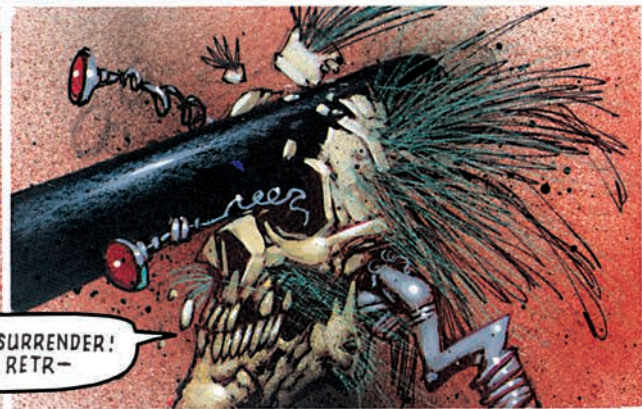
ONE MORE WORD AND YOU'RE  
BONE-MEAL, CREEP!

SEZ WHO,  
PIG?

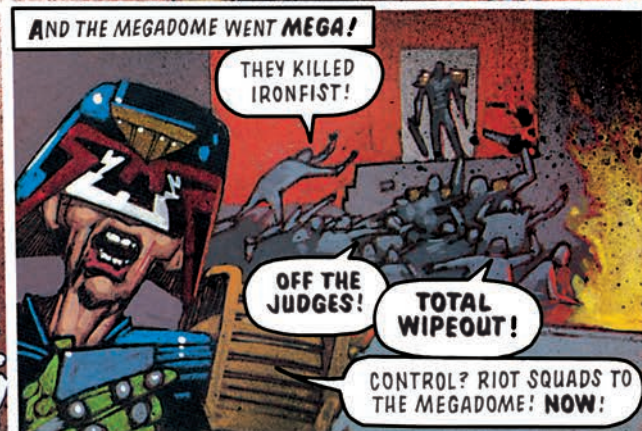
FOR A BRIEF SECOND, EVERYBODY IN THE DOME FROZE—  
EVERY EYE FOLLOWING THE DAYSTICK AS IT CAME DOWN  
IN A SAVAGE ARC--



NO SURRENDER!  
NO RETR--



GARGLE!



AND THE MEGADOME WENT MEGA!

THEY KILLED  
IRONFIST!

OFF THE  
JUDGES!

TOTAL  
WIPEOUT!

CONTROL? RIOT SQUADS TO  
THE MEGADOME! NOW!



37 DEAD. 900 HOSPITALISED.  
NEARLY 14,000 ARRESTS.



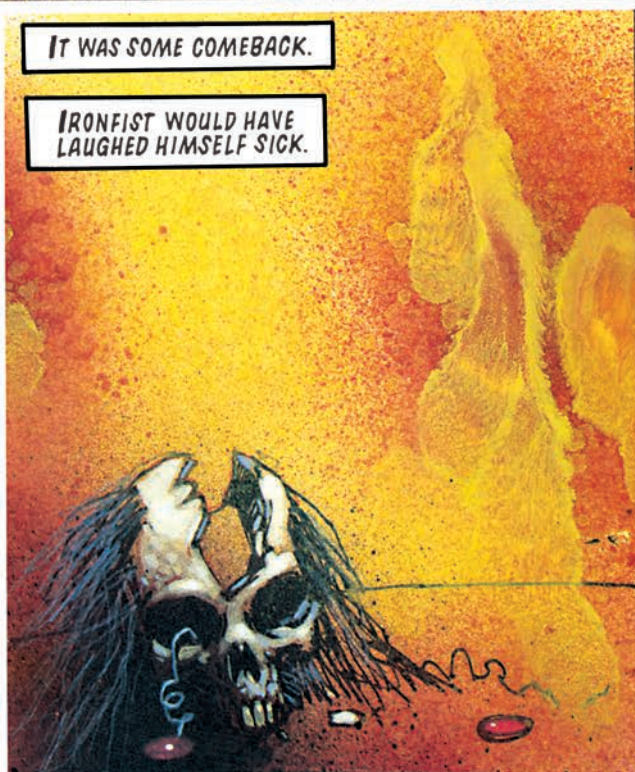
THE BOZOS PULLED DOWN  
40 YEARS BETWEEN THEM.  
SHARP EDDIE GOT HIS  
50 PERCENT, AS USUAL.

HE'LL BE OUT IN  
20 YEARS.



IT WAS SOME COMEBACK.

IRONFIST WOULD HAVE  
LAUGHED HIMSELF SICK.



THE END



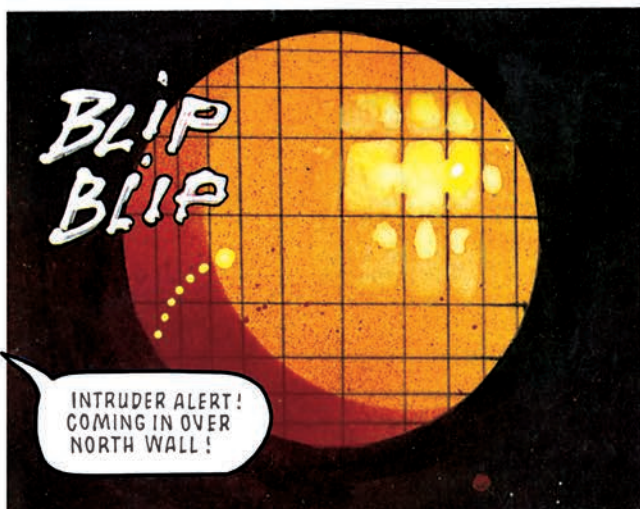
# JUDGE DREDD



'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND...

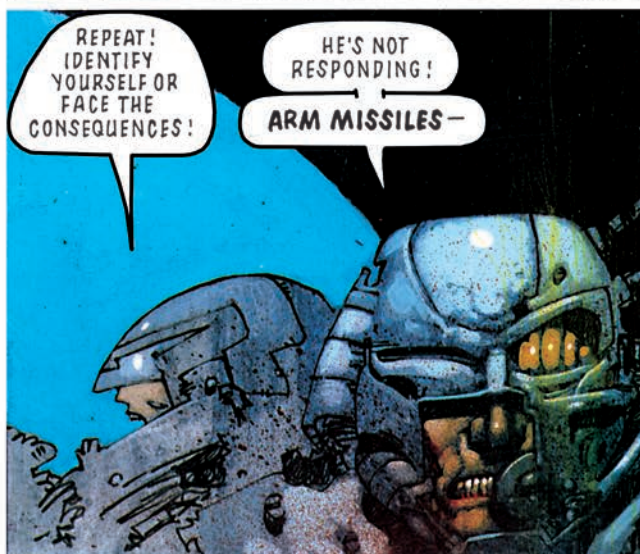
'T WAS THE NIGHT **AFTER** CHRISTMAS...

'T **WOULD'VE** BEEN THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS  
BUT SIMON WAS **LATE** FINISHING THE ARTWORK, OK?  
JUST READ THE **DROKKIN'** STORY, CREEPS!



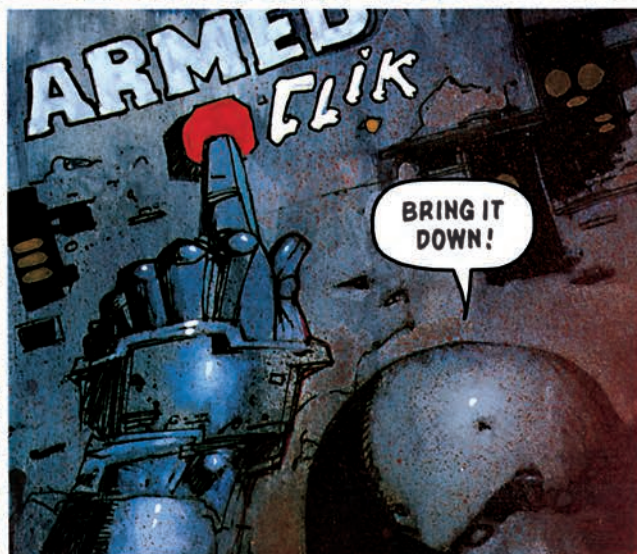
ATTENTION AIRCRAFT BEARING TANGO ALPHA THREE  
FOUR FOUR, YOU ARE IN **VIOLATION** OF  
MEGA-CITY ONE AIRSPACE!

IDENTIFY YOURSELF!



REPEAT!  
IDENTIFY  
YOURSELF OR  
FACE THE  
CONSEQUENCES!

HE'S NOT  
RESPONDING!  
**ARM MISSILES—**



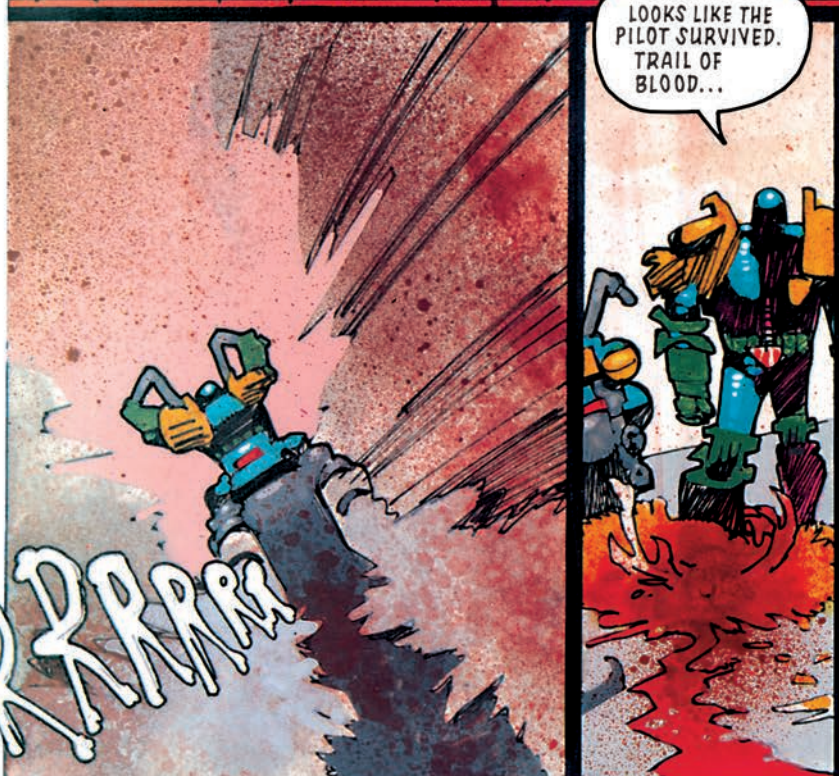
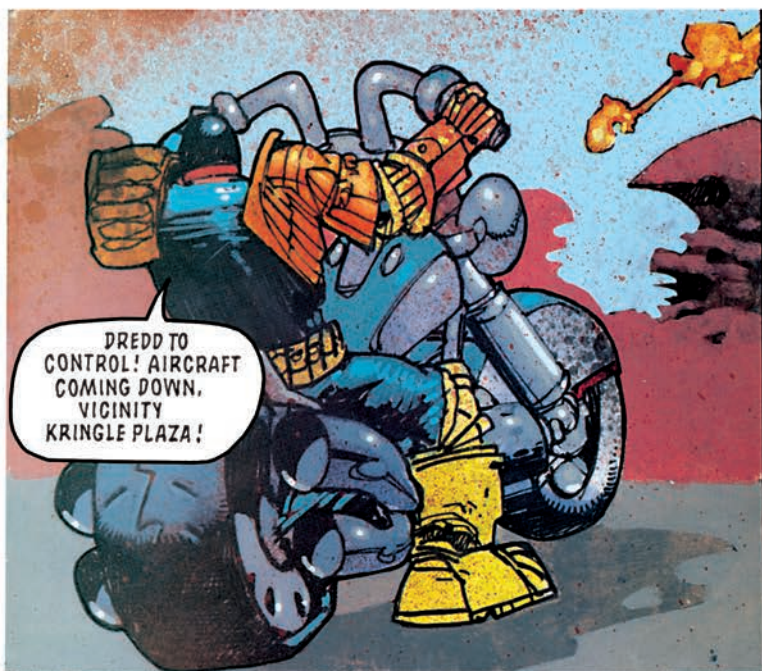
**ARMED**  
**CLIK**

**BRING IT  
DOWN!**

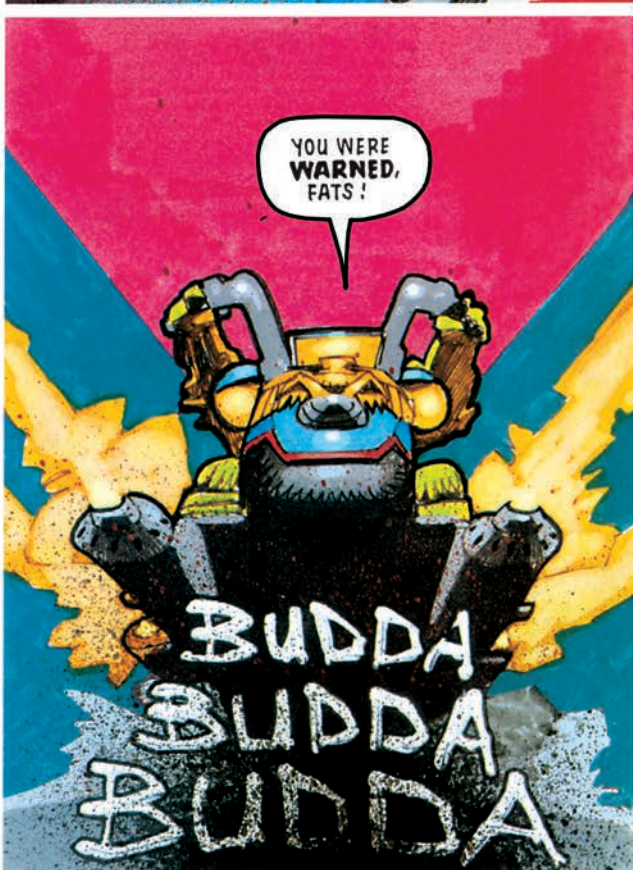




















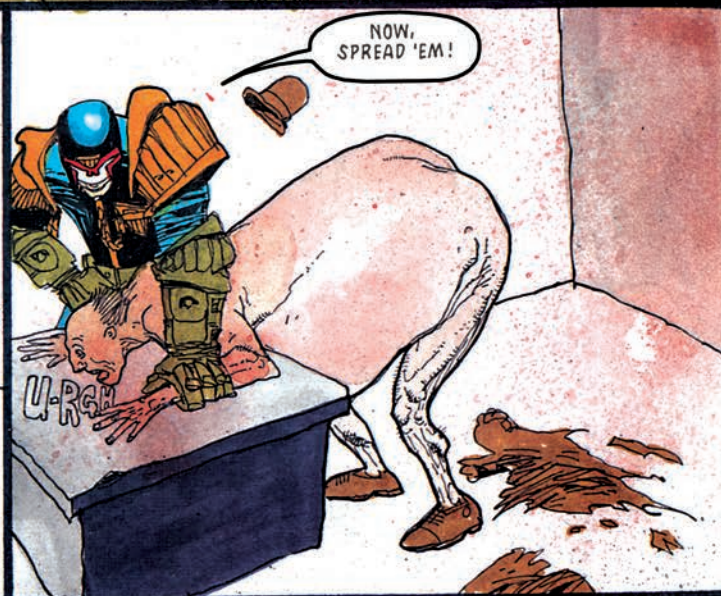
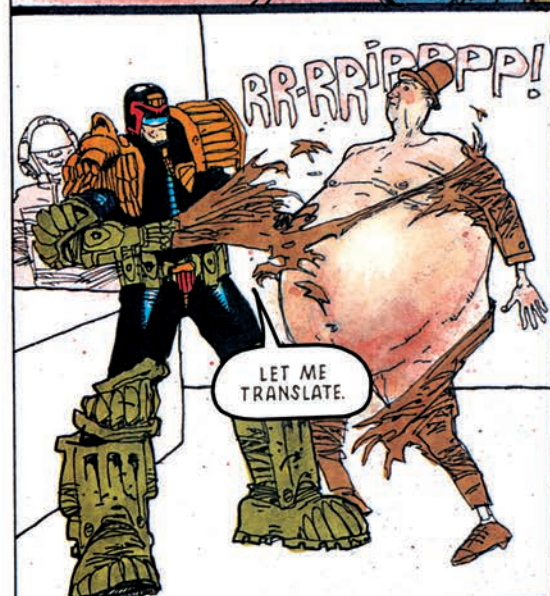


# JUDGE DREDD

## The Great Arsoli





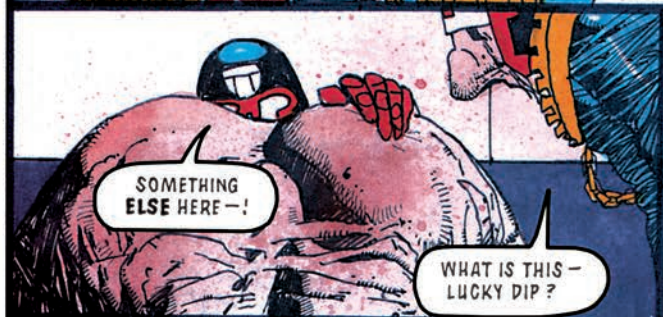






LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A MAJOR SMUGGLING OPERATION HERE. DREDD.

BUNTING?

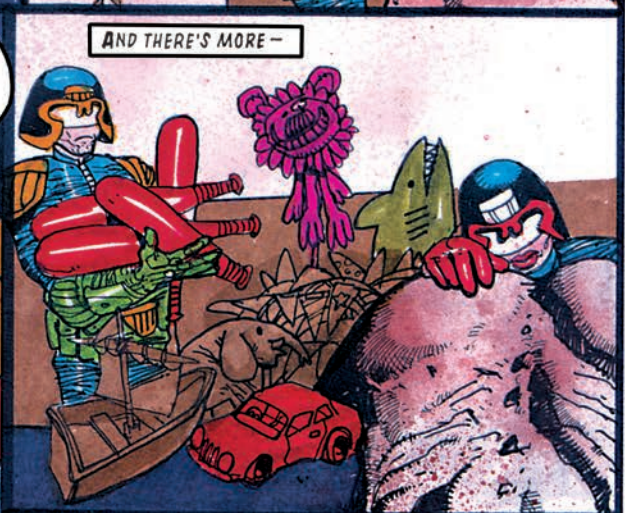


SOMETHING ELSE HERE—!

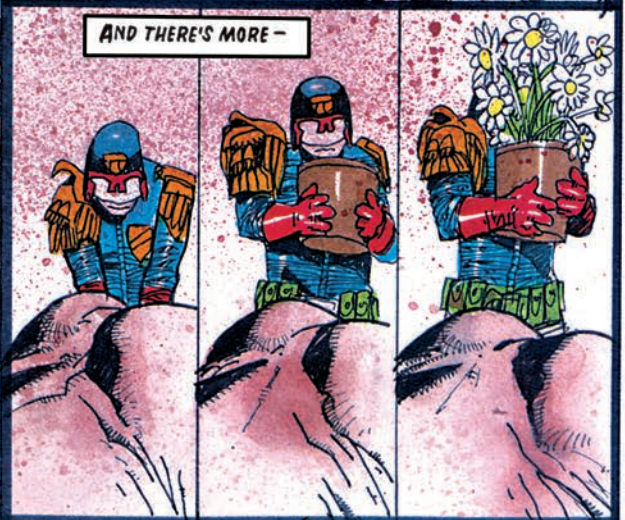
WHAT IS THIS— LUCKY DIP?



BETTER GET A TRANSLATOR IN HERE.



AND THERE'S MORE—



AND THERE'S MORE—



AND THERE'S MORE—



DROKK!

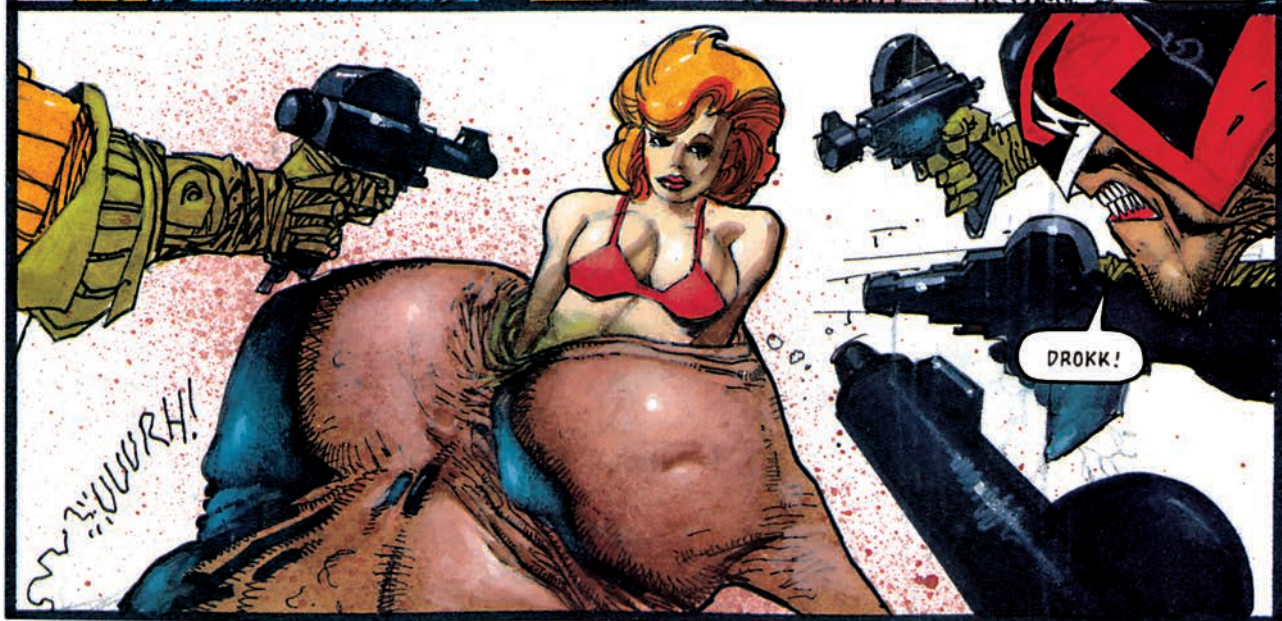
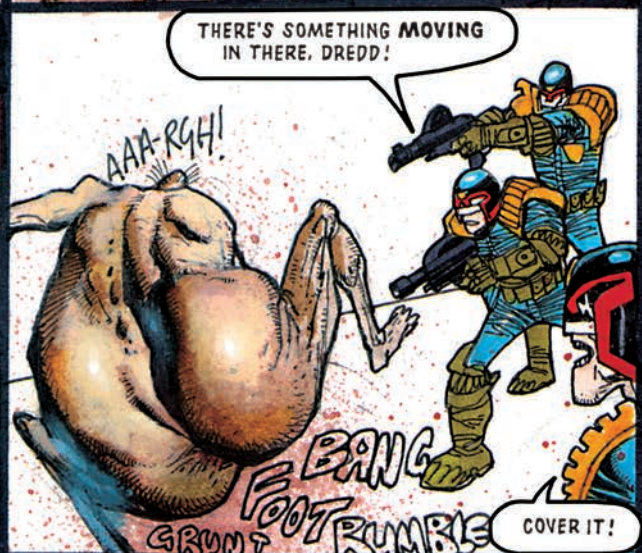
WHAT IS IT,  
WILSON?



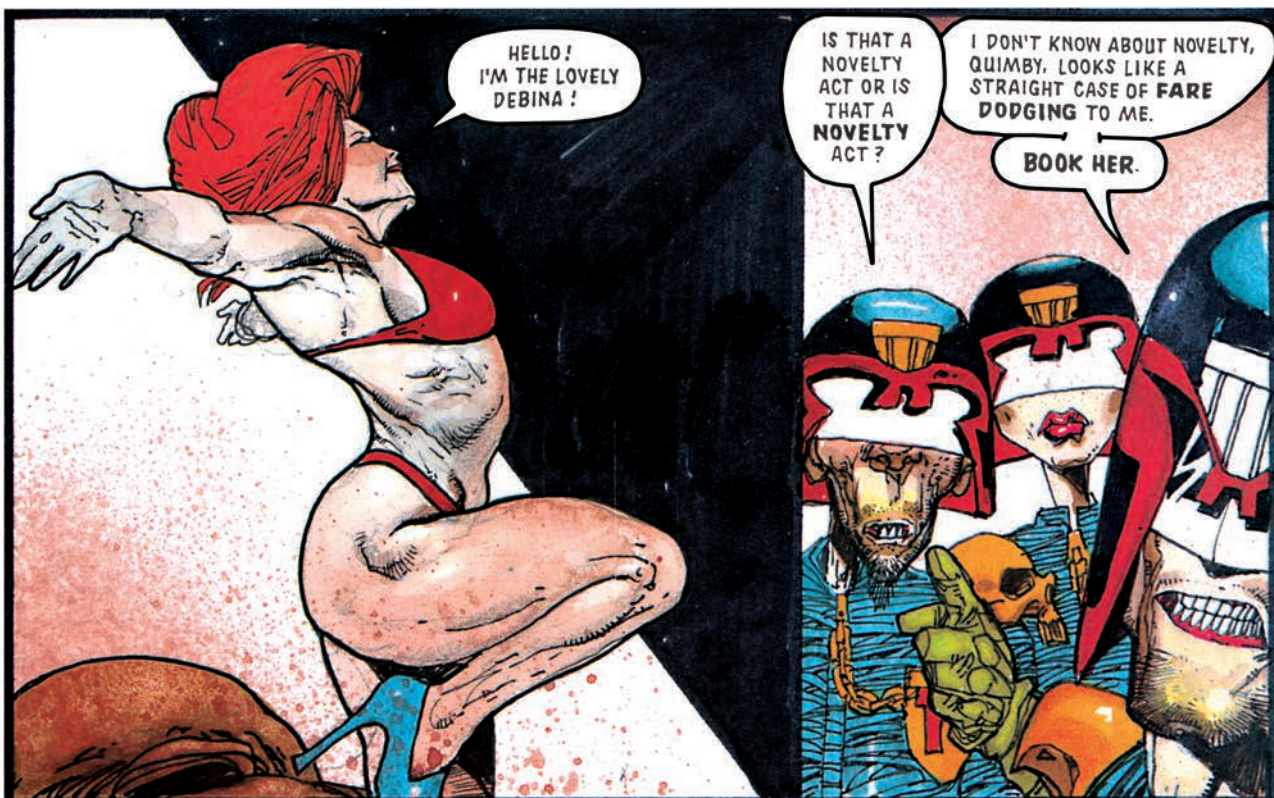
NYAAAAAAH—  
WHAT'S UP,  
JUDGE?











HELLO!  
I'M THE LOVELY  
DEBINA!

IS THAT A  
NOVELTY  
ACT OR IS  
THAT A  
NOVELTY  
ACT?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT NOVELTY,  
QUIMBY. LOOKS LIKE A  
STRAIGHT CASE OF **FARE**  
DODGING TO ME.

BOOK HER.



JUST ANOTHER  
DAY AT  
MEGA-CITY  
IMMIGRATION -

HELLO! IS  
THERE ANYBODY  
ELSE IN  
THERE?



COME OUT WITH  
YOUR HANDS UP  
OR WE COME IN  
SHOOTING!

THE END!

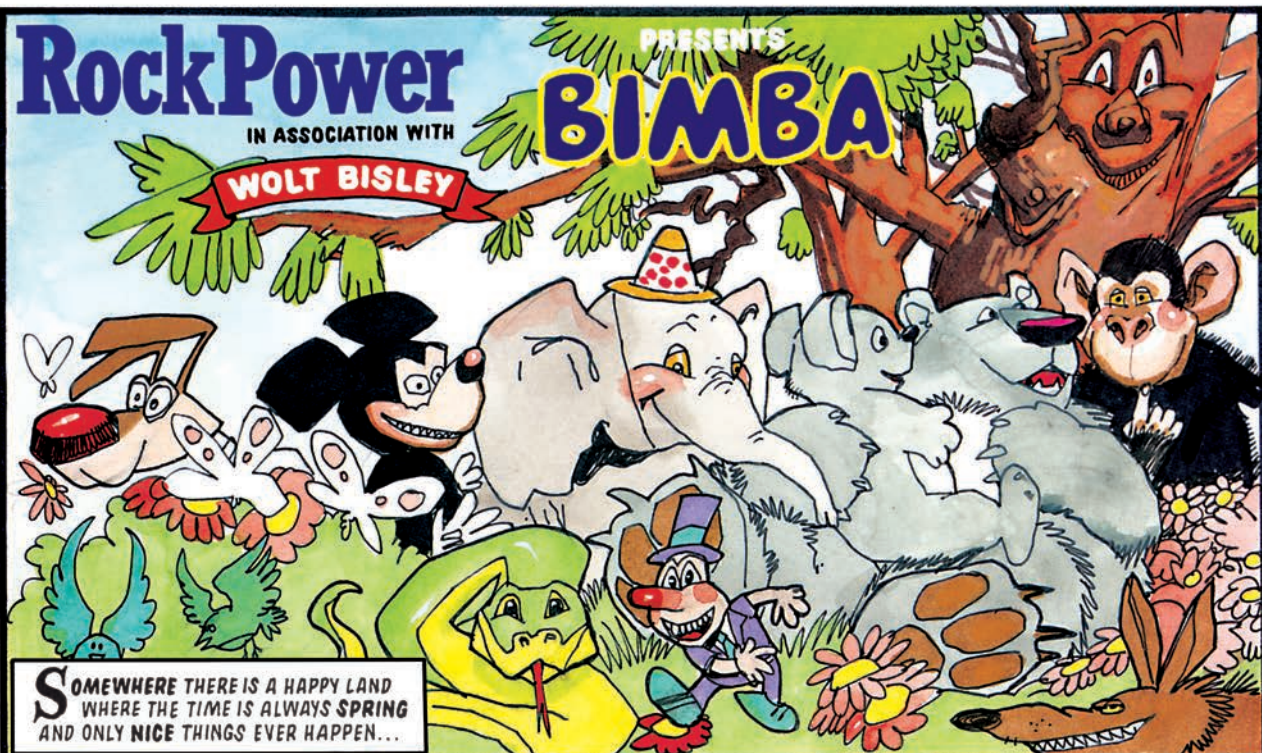


# RockPower

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

WOLT BISLEY

# PRESENTS BIMBA



SOMEWHERE THERE IS A HAPPY LAND  
WHERE THE TIME IS ALWAYS SPRING  
AND ONLY NICE THINGS EVER HAPPEN...



HEY,  
BIMBA!  
WAKE UP!

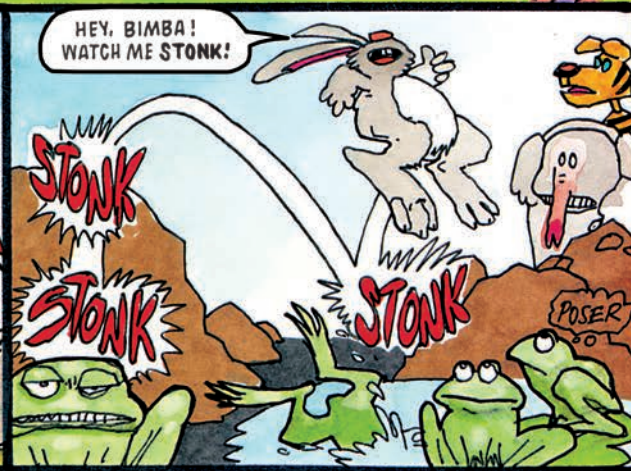


IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND THE BIRDS  
ARE SINGING AND THE BEES ARE BUZZING  
AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE IN THE  
FOREST WAITING TO PLAY!



GO ON, BIMBA.  
DON'T BE SHY!

THE FOREST IS QUITE SAFE.  
THERE ARE NO ENEMIES  
HERE.



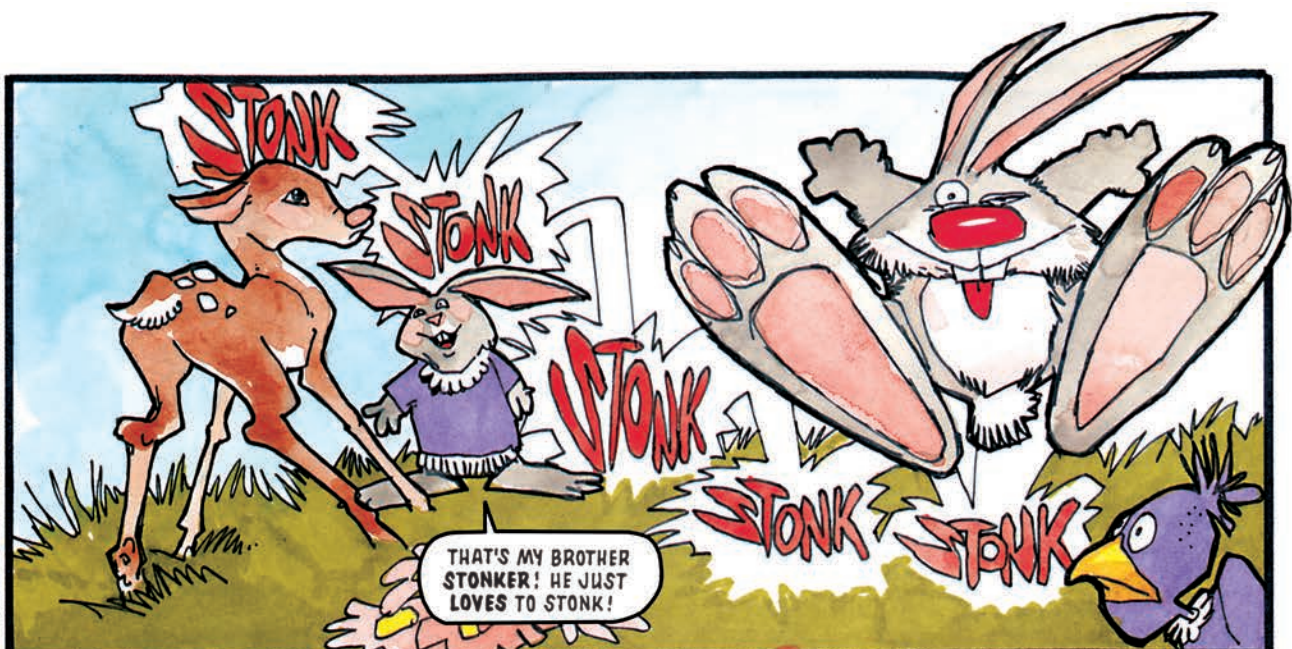
HEY, BIMBA!  
WATCH ME STONK!

STONK  
STONK

STONK

POSER









HELLO. HAVE  
YOU COME TO  
PLAY WITH US?

A TALKIN'  
FREAKIN' BUNNY!  
THAT'S ALL I  
NEED!

BAKOW BAKOW BAK

PLAY WITH  
THAT, SUCKER!

OH DEAR!

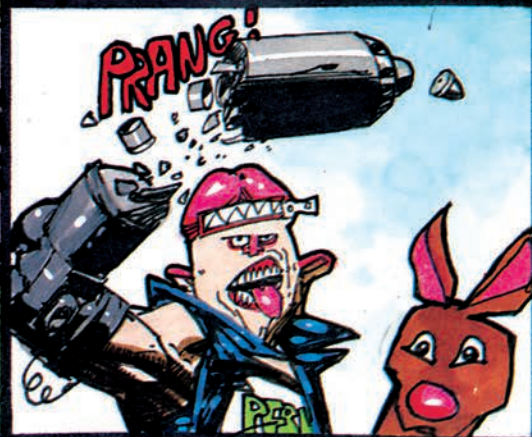
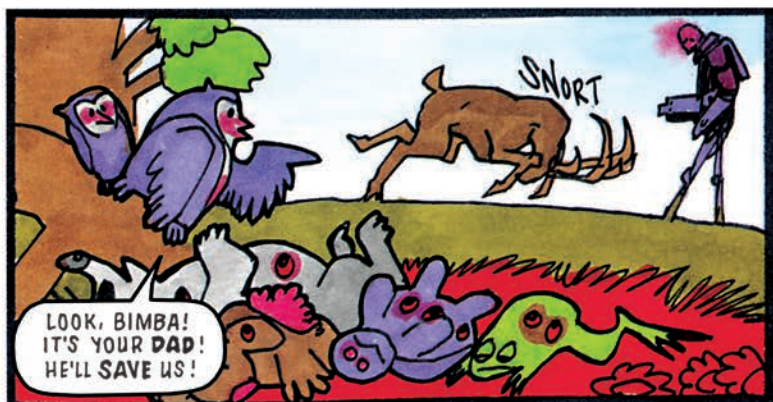
IF THERE'S ONE THING I  
CAN'T STAND, IT'S CUTE  
AN' CUDDLY  
LITTLE FREAKIN'  
ANIMALS!

BAKOW BAKOW BAKOW  
SPATT SPLUD KACHOW

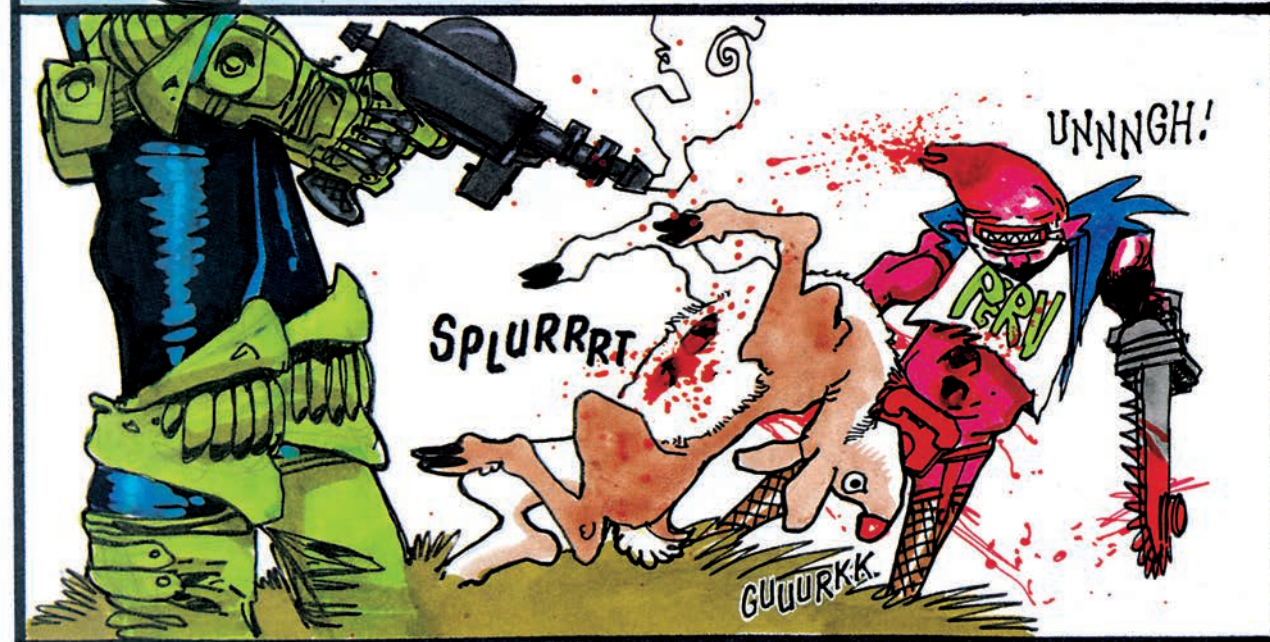
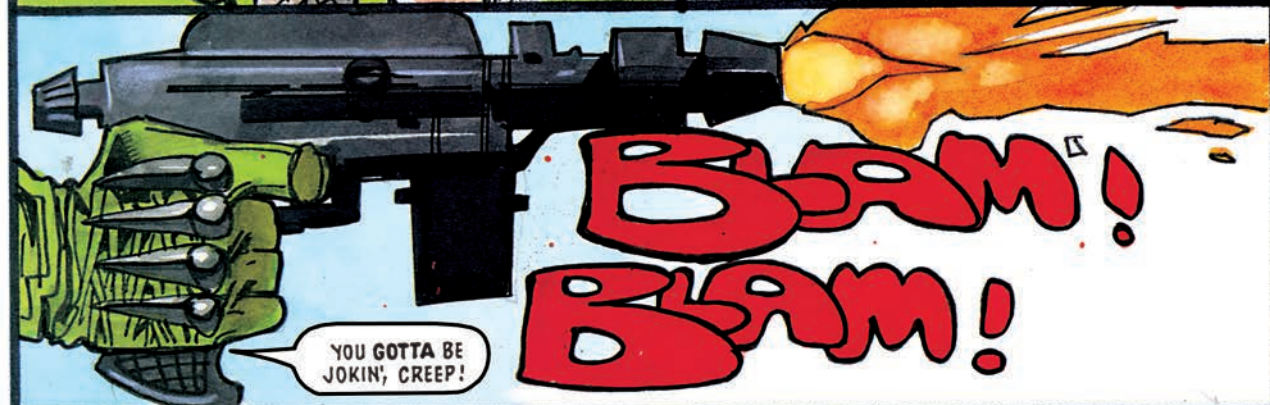
RUN,  
BIMBA--

AAIIII!







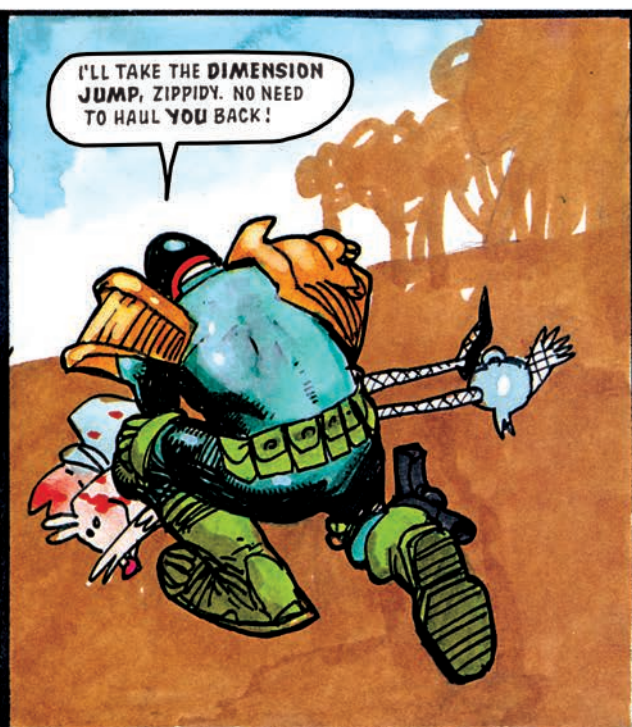




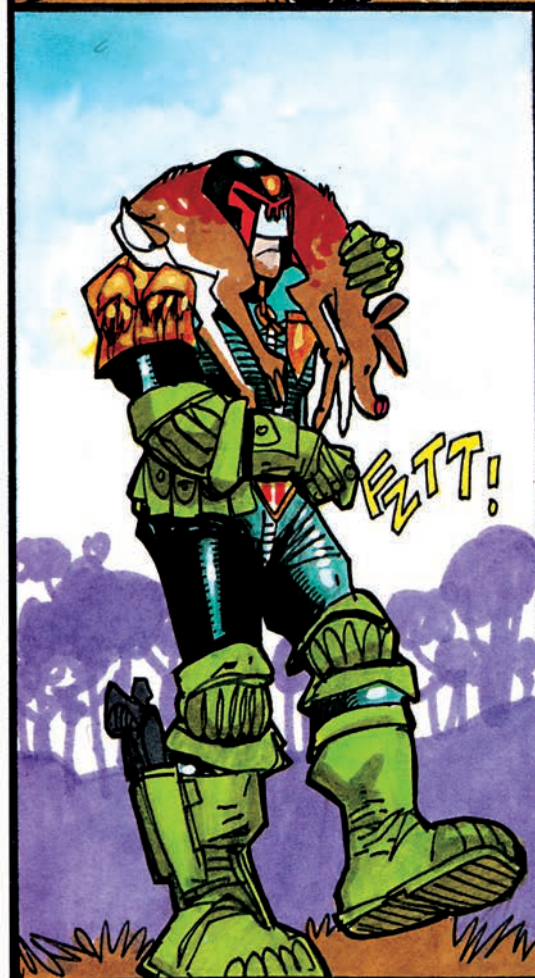


HOSTAGE...?

IN MEGA-CITY ONE  
WE EAT THESE  
THINGS!



I'LL TAKE THE **DIMENSION**  
**JUMP**, ZIPPIDY. NO NEED  
TO HAUL YOU BACK!



EZTT!



ZORK  
FIZZLE



SOMEWHERE THERE IS A **HAPPY**  
LAND WHERE THE TIME IS  
ALWAYS **SPRING** AND ONLY **NICE**  
THINGS EVER HAPPEN. . .

THIS ISN'T IT.

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!



# JUDGE DREDD

THE BALLAD OF TOAD MCFARLANE  
( 'cept it's not a ballad )



TOM FRAME

LETTERING

BRENDAN MCCARTHY

ART

JOHN WAGNER & ALAN GRANT

SCRIPT



NINE MONTHS LATER THEY REALISED THE AWFUL TRUTH...

UH.....  
PUSH,  
MAN.

RIBBIT!

THAT'S WHY YOU CAN  
NEVER GO OUT. **TOAD** -  
BECAUSE YOU'RE A  
**MUTANT**.

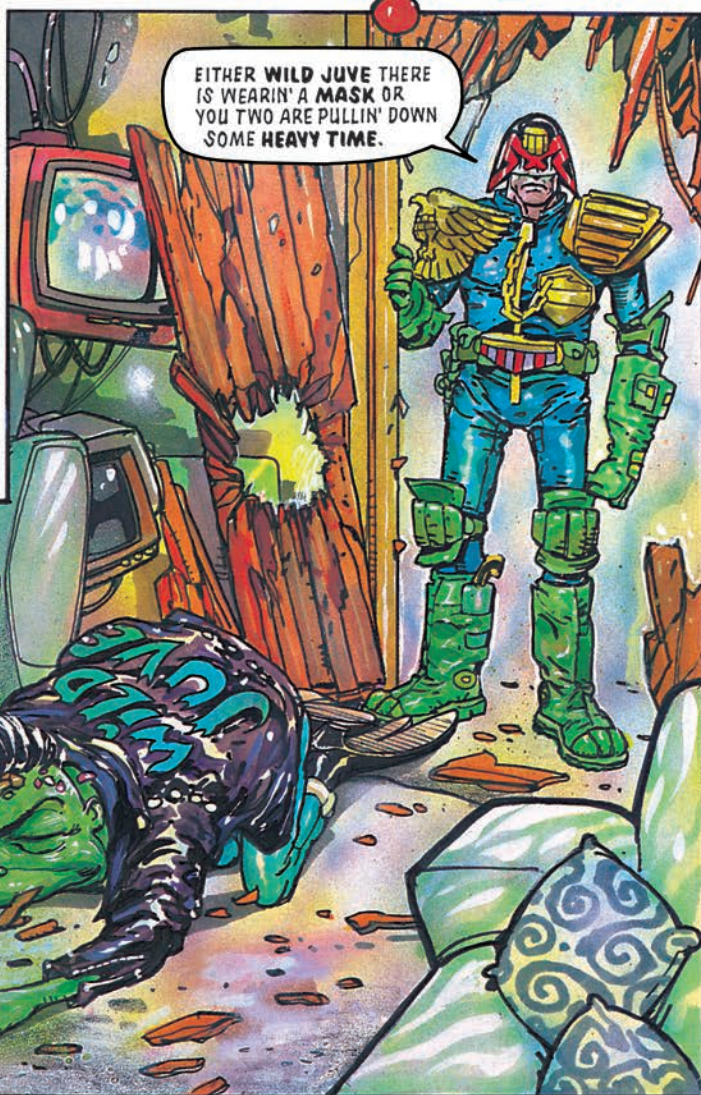
THIS IS MEGA-CITY ONE! WE'D BE  
LOCKED AWAY FOR THE REST OF  
OUR LIVES FOR NOT HANDING  
YOU OVER!

YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, DAD!  
I MEAN, C'MON - IT'S NOT AS IF  
THERE'S A **JUDGE** JUST WAITIN'  
OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO GRAB ME!

LIKE, GET REAL, MAN!

BORN  
TO  
CROAK



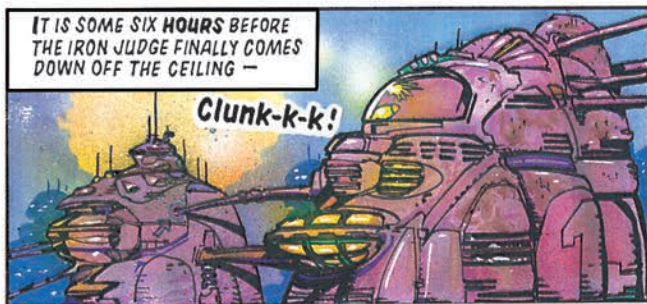




THE SPEED OF TOAD'S LEAP  
SURPRISES EVEN THE  
MEGA-CITY IRON MAN —





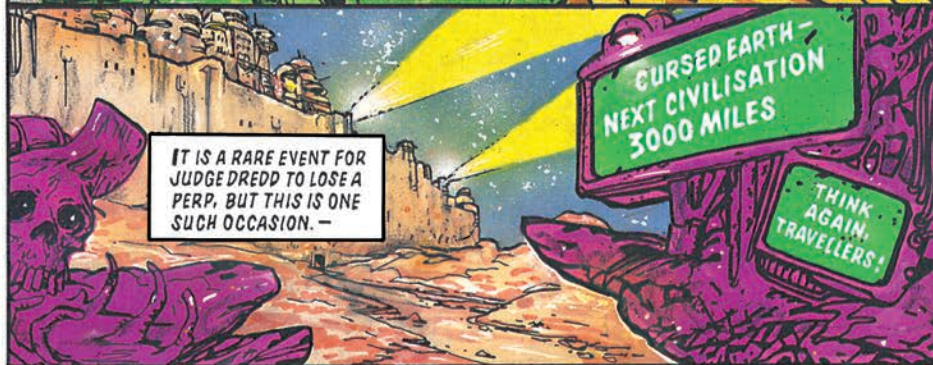


IT IS SOME SIX HOURS BEFORE THE IRON JUDGE FINALLY COMES DOWN OFF THE CEILING —

Clunk-k-k!



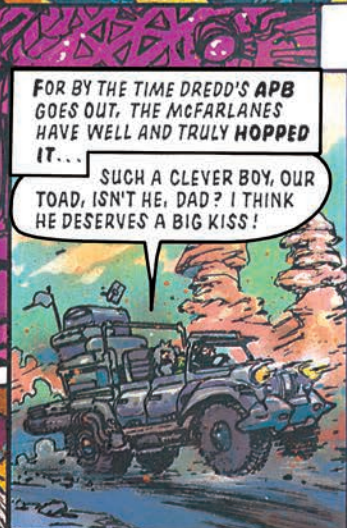
DROKK! HE DIDN'T JUST LOOK LIKE A CANE TOAD — CREEP'S A WALKING DRUG FACTORY!



IT IS A RARE EVENT FOR JUDGE DREDD TO LOSE A PERP, BUT THIS IS ONE SUCH OCCASION. —

CURSED EARTH —  
NEXT CIVILISATION  
3000 MILES

THINK  
AGAIN,  
TRAVELLERS!



FOR BY THE TIME DREDD'S APB GOES OUT, THE MCFARLANES HAVE WELL AND TRULY HOPPED IT...

SUCH A CLEVER BOY, OUR TOAD, ISN'T HE, DAD? I THINK HE DESERVES A BIG KISS!



AND SO DO WE!

SLOOP!

SLURP!



FAR OUT!

THE END



# A VIOLENT LIMB

If I was a pompous twat I'd say "ironically, I write to you from Greece, one of the nine countries *Heavy Metal Dredd* was printed in." But I particularly remember the Greek version because the speech balloons and panels in Greek looked a bit special on the page.

*Heavy Metal Dredd* was first printed in international glossy music mag *Rock Power*, which successfully spanned the globe. As a result, so did Dredd. He had unprecedented exposure, then a final outing in the UK within the pages of *Judge Dredd Magazine*. My first story debuted *Meg* issue 19 – we're going back a while.

Simon Bisley was just landing from a punishing work load on *Sláine*, *The Horned God*, followed by Batman vs. Dredd tale *Judgement on Gotham*. David Bishop was editing the *Meg* at the time but it was Steve McManus who gave me the call to arms: "Heavy Metal Dredd, no limits, a separate and aggressive Dredd world that gets the point across." Check the first Biz story in this collection to see what he meant!

I love Biz; the man and the artist. There's no difference between the two for me, so let's talk about his art. When Simon first started out I was working on *Nemesis* Book 7, 'The Two Torquemadas.' I was rocked when I first saw his black & white *ABC Warriors* artwork. Then KO'd by *Sláine*, *The Horned God*. I'll admit I was secretly gutted but became an immediate fan of Simon's, and still am.

It's no coincidence that I'm collaborating with Clint Langley on the cover for this book, because he felt exactly the same way. To add to my pain I visited Simon's house for a couple of days and saw the original artwork for *The Horned God*. On my way home I remember thinking

"so, how do you design kitchens again?" However, in typical Biz style, he helped me back up. He wanted a very twisted A2 study of Batman – in return he gave me a few pointers on colour work. As did Glenn Fabry, which I still use on one shots to this day.

But at the time I needed a colourist, so I found Keith Page, who did a fine job. With John Wagner, Alan Grant and John Smith in the mix, that was the squad. Jim Alexander and Alison Potter also contributed as script writers. Lettered by the late, great Tom Frame.

As I've said, this was not meant for the Dredd universe and these great writers went out on a limb. A violent limb at that, a bit like shaking their muscles loose after a good fight. You be the judge. It was unselfconscious work with funny, unpredictable and brutal scripts. When it was finally published in *JD Magazine*, David Bishop fielded a year's worth of complaints. Man, the UK readers were pissed off! Eventually, Dave called a halt to the proceedings, which became known on the letters page as 'the violence debate.' He dubbed it an over-flipped coin. He was right.

I don't know what today's fans will think. A few boos from the gallery? Good. Enjoy this book – Rebellion and Jon Oliver are doing a great job archiving the work in *2000 AD* and the *Meg*. They must be, otherwise I guess I wouldn't be writing this.

Senior Street Judge Dredd. Pick Up Your Teeth Dredd. Heavy Metal Dredd.

Peace?

John Hicklenton





2000 AD Pin-up by Brendan McCarthy



## JIM ALEXANDER

**Jim Alexander** penned *Calhab Justice* for the *Megazine* as well as working on various *Judge Dredd* strips.

## DAVID BISHOP

**David Bishop** edited *2000 AD* from Christmas 1995 until the summer of 2000, before leaving to become a full-time writer. He's had nearly 20 novels published, a radio play broadcast by the BBC and had scripted serials for *2000 AD*, *Judge Dredd Magazine* and the *Phantom*. He won a first prize at the 2007 Page International Screenwriting Awards in Los Angeles for his short film script *Danny's Toys*, and recently attained an MA in screenwriting with distinction at Screen Academy Scotland. You can read David's blog at [www.viciousimagery.blogspot.com](http://www.viciousimagery.blogspot.com)

## ALAN GRANT

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star *Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant's** prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning* and *the Carnival of Doom* and he is currently writing a feature length animation for a German company.

## JOHN SMITH

**John Smith** is unquestionably a *2000 AD* hero, with a host of creative credits to his name, including *A Love Like Blood*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Firekind*, *Holocaust 12*, *Indigo Prime*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *Revere*, *Slaughterbowl* and *Tyranny Rex*. Smith has also written *Future Shocks*, *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Karyn*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Tales from Beyond Science*, *Tales of Mega-City One* and *Vector 13*. Smith's work beyond the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes the long-running *New Statesmen* series and *Straitgate* in Crisis, DC/Vertigo's *Hellblazer* and *Scarab*, and Harris Comics' *Vampirella* and *Pantha*. Upcoming series for *2000 AD* include contemporary science-fiction thriller *Dead Eyes* and the urban hoodie horror story *Cradlegrave*, while for *The Magazine* the 'Ship of Fools' sets sail – a madcap *Devlin Waugh* story illustrated by Peter Doherty which sees the culmination of Devlin's twenty-three year long search for his debauched brother Freddy.

## JOHN WAGNER

**John Wagner** has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.



## SIMON BISLEY

**Simon Bisley** occupies an almost unique place in *2000 AD* history as one of the first UK artists to popularise the fully painted style pioneered by Argentinian artist Alberto Breccia. His highly dynamic artwork made his two major series in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic — *A.B.C. Warriors: The Black Hole* and *Sláine: The Horned God* — very popular, as they remain to date. He also illustrated *Heavy Metal Dredd* in the *Megazine*, an ultra-graphic, adults-only take on the lawman, before going on to paint the hugely successful first *Batman/Judge Dredd* crossover story *Judgement on Gotham*. Bisley has provided countless pin-ups and short pieces across an astonishing variety of comics, from legendary fantasy anthology *Heavy Metal* to anarchic DC superhero series *Lobo*, and has an even more extensive CV in Europe, where his painted style enjoys enormous success.

## JOHN HICKLENTON

**John Hicklenton** has illustrated a wide range of strips across both *2000 AD* and the *Megazine*, including *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Pandora*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strange Cases* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. His work can also be seen in *Crisis!* and *Deadline*. Most recently he has provided the art for *Blood of Satanus III* in *Judge Dredd Magazine* and has worked with Pat Mills on *Zombie World*.

## BRENDAN MCCARTHY

**Brendan McCarthy** was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *ABC Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

McCarthy's non-*2000 AD* work includes *Skin* in *Crisis*, *Strange Days*, *Paradox!*, *Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*.

## COLIN MACNEIL

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper*— Song of the Surfer and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog*— The Final Solution. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award winning *Judge Dredd*— America for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front*— Stalingrad. Most recently working on *Judge Dredd*—Total War, Cadet, Mutants in Mega-City One and Emphatically Evil: The Life and Crimes of P J Maybe. He also provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

## DEAN ORMSTON

**Dean Ormston's** otherworldly pencils first graced the *Megazine*, where he contributed to the epic *Judge Dredd* 'Judgement Day' saga, and pencilled the popular 'Raptaur'. He is the co-creator of antique oddities *Harke and Burr*, and has also pencilled *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Death*, *Missionary Man*, *Strange Cases*, and *Tales of Telguuth*. Ormston's other non-*2000 AD* work includes *The Crow*, *The Invisibles*, *The Monarchy* and *Sandman*. He also worked on character designs for the animated CGI series *Reboot*.



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